

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

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"ALMIGHTY GOD, WE  
MAKE OUR EARNEST  
PRAYER THAT THOU WILT  
KEEP THE UNITED STATES  
IN THY HOLY PROTEC-  
TION; THAT THOU WILT  
INCLINE THE HEARTS OF  
THE CITIZENS TO CULTI-  
VATE A SPIRIT OF SUBORDINATION AND  
OBEDIENCE TO GOVERNMENT, AND TO  
ENTERTAIN A BROTHERLY AFFECTION AND  
LOVE ONE FOR ANOTHER AND FOR THEIR  
FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES  
AT LARGE."—FROM A PRAYER BY WASHINGTON

## ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

toured Europe, Egypt and Palestine in 1919 in order to study the part played by animals in the Great War. In four vivid articles for *The Companion*, he has described the astonishing things he learned. He writes of the dog, the camel, the horse and the carrier pigeon. What those dumb soldiers suffered and what heroic feats they performed will make your eyes moisten with pity and your heart swell with admiration. The first article deals with the dog and will appear in the issue for February 26.

DEPARTMENT PAGES IN THIS NUMBER

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### TUBERCULOUS JOINTS

ALTHOUGH tuberculosis has a special affinity for the breathing apparatus and is generally associated in the public mind with the lungs, it will nevertheless attack any part of the body and is known by different names according to the part it attacks. The old-fashioned popular name, "consumption," is generally applied and limited to the lungs; the meaning is that the disease is literally consuming. When the trouble appears in the brain it is called "meningitis," or "tuberculous meningitis," to distinguish it from other forms; and when the spine is the seat of the disorder it is known as "Pott's disease."

But the tuberculosis does not always select vital organs or the larger bones. It often appears in the knee, in the elbow, in the ankle or in the wrist. When that happens it is most important that it should be treated early not only because the constant wearing pain causes a decline in health but also because delay is almost sure to mean permanent injury to the joint. A neglected case naturally goes on to form an abscess, and an abscess means inevitable loss of sleep and appetite. After it has ripened and discharged there often ensues a long period of weakening discharges that ends in an operation for the removal of diseased bone. In that case the patient will be left in a more or less crippled condition.

One reason why medical advice should be sought immediately when a child has something the matter with one of the joints is that rest—and complete rest of the affected part—is urgently needed. While the adults in charge may be saying, "Oh, it is just a little rheumatism," or "just a little temporary stiffness and needs a good rubbing," the mischief may be done.

Putting a joint to rest means fixing it in such a way that it cannot be used. That is to say, it must be immobilized by the use of splints or casings of plaster of Paris, which must be kept on until the physician orders their removal. Furthermore, one must remember that a child who is suffering with tuberculosis of a joint is sick generally as well as locally and needs the best of hygienic care; he particularly needs nourishing and easily digested food and a life in the open air night and day, especially at night.

### JULIE'S BIRTHDAY

FOR two days Julie's mother had been working day and night for her daughter's party. There was Julie's new dress to finish and the best dishes to get out and chicken salad and rolls and ice cream and cake to make—to say nothing of the countless extra things that always thrust themselves into the most crowded days. Of course Julie helped, at least she meant to help, but there were so many interruptions. Her mother patiently picked up all Julie's loose ends and finished them along with her own tasks. She was too tired to dress for the party, but, since she had to be in the kitchen, it didn't make any difference.

Julie, a lovely flushed little figure, received her guests and exclaimed happily over the gifts they brought. It was the custom in the village to bring gifts to a birthday party. Quite naturally she put out her hand for the blue-ribboned box that Vera Stonelow had brought.

Vera, however, laughingly held it behind her. "It isn't for you. I knew you'd have a bushel of things, and I always think a girl's birthday belongs to her mother anyway. So I brought this for her. Where is she?"

"Why—in the kitchen," Julie stammered. Vera ran back to the kitchen. Julie's mother, who was cutting cake and frowning a little because the icing wasn't quite firm, looked up, startled, at Vera's kiss.

"I've brought you a birthday gift," Vera said. "I thought,"—her voice trembled and then steadied,—"I thought you'd let me. I always brought one to my mother on her birthday, and I missed it so this year. I'm not much of a maker, but I made this."

"Why, Vera!" Julie's mother exclaimed awkwardly.

"Put it on," Vera pleaded. "I want to see you in it."

Still awkwardly Julie's mother opened the box. Inside was a large apron with lovely touches of embroidery. She put it on. The blue in it matched the blue of her eyes, and the excitement made a tiny pink flush steal into her tired face.

"It's lovely!" Vera cried joyously. Julie's mother no longer felt tired. Even Julie noticed it when she ran out for something. She had kept hearing over and over again the queer thing that Vera had said about a girl's birthday's belonging to her mother. Vera did have queer notions!

Up in her room in the blessed quiet Julie's mother was resting at last. But she could not sleep; she was too happy.

### MRS. HEN, NURSE

WHILE I was visiting friends on a farm, writes a contributor, the girls came in one morning, laughing, and told me that if I would go to the barn and climb into the hayloft I might see a curious sight. In those days everything about a farm interested me, and I gladly followed them.

The floor of the loft was covered thickly with fragrant hay, and in one corner a broody hen had made a stolen nest and was trying to sit. No eggs had been allowed her, however, and, since she had no family of her own on which to bestow her maternal affection, she had taken an interest in the family of a neighbor, the old house cat.

In a cozy little hay cavern not far away the cat was bringing up a promising litter of kittens. They were as yet too small and weak to go far from home; nevertheless when the hen clucked and called to them they would creep toward her over the hay. Then she would spread her wings and coax them into the nest. They cuddled down willingly enough under her wings and breast, no doubt enjoying the soft warmth of the feathers; and Mrs. Hen clucked and chattered in great satisfaction.

The girls said that when Mother Pussy left the kittens alone, as she was forced to do at times, the hen always called the kittens to her nest and hovered them. When the kittens were hungry they had to scramble back to their mother.

Pussy should have been grateful, for the hen made a safe and attentive nurse; and perhaps the cat was grateful, for apparently she did not object to the ministrations of her neighbor. What happened when the kittens were old enough to run about I never knew. Perhaps the nurse was forgotten, as nurses so often are.

### AN OVERCOAT ON SHERMAN'S MARCH

A READER who noticed in The Companion a paragraph about an overseas veteran who found in a New Jersey store that sold renovated army goods the cap he had discarded in France has a story from the Civil War that fairly matches it.

In October, 1864, he writes, I started with my regiment from Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the march with Sherman's army to the sea. The weather was hot, and, as I was a young recruit, I found my knapsack unbearably hot and heavy. On Mission Ridge I discarded a number of articles, and among them my overcoat.

A few days before reaching Savannah in December I noticed an overcoat neatly tied into a bundle lying in a fence corner. Strange to say, underneath the cape was my own name in stenciled white paint, put there by my own hand before leaving Ohio. Whoever carried my overcoat clear through Georgia deserves my thanks, for I got much good out of it before winter was over and brought it home to Ohio after the war.

### A LETTER TO "MARSE GUV'NA"

THE letter that Mose Johnson, a colored resident of Kentucky, who was sentenced to be hanged, wrote to the governor is effective principally for what it omits to say. Mose, says a writer in Hidden Treasure, wasn't greatly troubled when he was sentenced to be hanged, but as the day set for his execution drew near he began to worry. He even went so far as to speak of his apprehension to his jailer, who suggested that he write to the governor.

Mose was no great letter writer, and so the jailer offered to write to his dictation. After about five minutes of what Mose called thinking he dictated:

"Dear Marse Guv'na: they is fixin' to hang me Friday, and here it am Tuesday."

### FOR THE SAKE OF THE HORSES

A SERGEANT in the British Army, according to Punch, once lost his temper at a particularly awkward recruit.

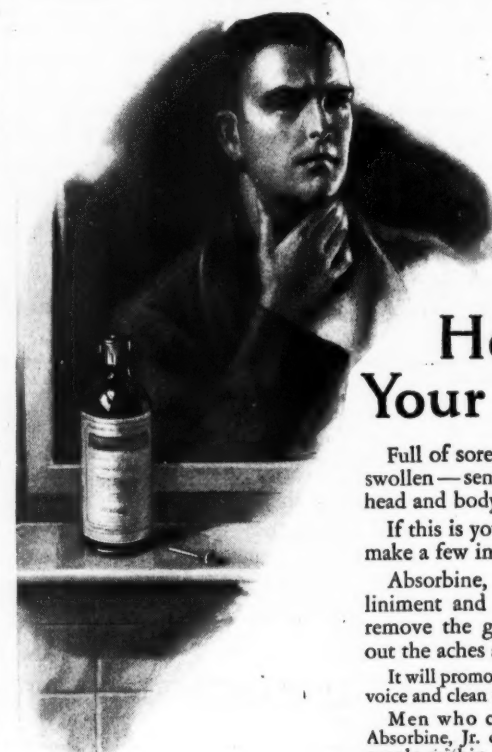
"Never approach the 'osses from be'ind without speaking to 'em!" he roared. "If you do, that thick 'ead of yours'll get so kicked we shan't 'ave nothing but lame 'osses in the stable."

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## THE YOUTH'S

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## COMPANION

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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## THE GUEST OF THE TRIBE

By

Thomas B. Marquis

HE appeared to be tired and sleepy. His horse, gaunt and jaded, ambled in a fox-trot walk along the dusty road of the Indian reservation, parching under the relentless smile of the mid-afternoon sun of early August. Attached to his belt was a six-shooter in a holster; slung from the pommel of the saddle was a rifle. A cylindrical roll made up of a raincoat wrapped round a blanket was fastened behind the cantle. Tied to the saddle horn was a flour sack that apparently contained some kind of supplies.

The man halted his horse and dismounted near a bridge that spanned a creek. The animal hungrily grabbed mouthfuls of the grass that was growing by the roadside. The rider inhaled a deep breath of air and exhaled it with a sudden puff. He stretched his arms, his legs, his whole body. He stroked and patted the neck of his horse. "Old plug, you done fine," he said. "This was some ride. Come on, we'll get a drink of water."

Both man and beast drank of the refreshing fluid. Then as he permitted the horse to resume its grazing the traveler detached the flour sack and emptied its contents on the ground. There were two loaves of bread and four cans of corned beef, a flannel shirt rolled up and tied with a string and a pair of overalls similarly rolled and tied. He examined the two packages critically, rolled them more compactly and drew the strings tighter. Then he put them back into the flour sack together with the food, except some that he proceeded to eat.

He hurried through his meal, gulped down more water and picked up the flour sack. He took hold of the dragging bridle reins and jerked and pulled the horse away from the grass. "Let loose, old feller. We'll stop and rest a few days at some camp that's off the road. Indian reservation's a good place to rest. Most of 'em here don't savvy much white-man talk, and it'll be easy to git out of answerin' questions."

He mounted his horse and as it went forward to cross the bridge let go the reins and started to tie the flour sack to the saddle horn.

"Whr-r-r!" It was the warning of a rattlesnake.

The horse plunged, and the man dropped the bag. The terrified animal jumped off the edge of the bridge. The unseated rider fell upon a pile of rocks seven or eight feet below.

More than an hour elapsed before the fallen horseman stirred. He sat up

and fumbled about his head. As he drowsily examined the clots of blood that stuck to his fingers he seemed suddenly to remember what had occurred. He tried to get upon his feet, but his right leg crumpled under him.

From the edge of the bridge above the sufferer a pair of scintillating black eyes in a coppery brown face gazed downward. "Say, feller! What they been doin' to you?"

"Horse jumped off the bridge with me. Rattlesnake scared him."

"Know what become of yer horse?"

"No; I've been knocked out."

"Knocked out? How long?"

The stunned and disabled man slowly ran his fingers through his tousled hair. "Dunno," he finally replied. "Seems like it's just a few minutes, but mebbe it's been longer. The sun's moved consider'ble."

The friendly inquirer followed a path that led down to the injured traveler. "Say, feller," he said seriously, "you look like you're done up purty bad. I'll take you to the agency. There's a doctor there, and he'll fix you up."

For fully half a minute the victim of the accident hesitated; then he asked suspiciously: "Who are you?"

"Me? My name's Trope—Ben Trope."

"You look like you had white-man blood in you," the prostrate man mumbled stupidly.

"Well, I'm half Cheyenne and half white man," Trope explained. "I b'long to this tribe, but I'm workin' fer the government, runnin' the cow crew here. It'd be handy if I knowed your name."

"My name's Smith."

"All right, Smith. They ain't any use lookin' fer yer horse. I seen his tracks, but he's lame now. Here, put yer arm over my neck, and I'll take hold of the good leg, and—yes, that's it—now we go."

Trope staggered to his own horse and carefully set his burden astride the saddle.

"I want my sack," the stranger requested. "Where is it?"

"Right around this bridge somewheres. Here's where I let it fall when my horse shied."

Trope walked to and fro, looking. "Mebbe you're dreamin', Smith," he suggested. "Ain't any kind of a sack here."

"No, I ain't dreamin'," the sufferer protested. He moved as if to get off the horse, but sank limply again into the saddle.

"Say, pardner, look ag'in. I've got to have that sack. It's a flour sack, and it's got—it's got—all of my clothes in it and—some beef—and everything."

The half-breed once more searched carefully about the vicinity of the bridge. "It sure ain't here, stranger," he announced. "There's been an old blind squaw along here while you was knocked out, and likely she's got it. She's liable to eat yer beef, but she won't eat yer clothes and other things, and I'll git everything fer you. But jist now you're goin' to the doctor."

"No, I want that sack right now," the helpless man persisted anxiously. "Le's go to the camps around here and—"

But Trope gathered up the reins of the bridle and started off. Mile after mile he tramped ahead of his charge, calmly ignoring the flood of oral abuse for his having refused to spend more time hunting

DRAWINGS BY  
RODNEY  
THOMSON

With the quirt he lashed its flank

for the lost flour sack. Over the hill and on to the agency he hurried his afflicted and weakening companion.

"Here, doc, hide this gun away," he said to the physician at the infirmary. "He's a bad man, I'm thinkin'. He tried to crack me over the head once, and I took it away from him."

"Who is he?" the doctor inquired.

"I didn't git much information," replied Trope. "Says his name's Smith, but he'd mumble along and git things all balled up tryin' to tell me where he come from and what he was doin' on the reservation."

"Oh, well, we'll take care of him," the doctor said cheerfully. "We don't need to know just now who he is."

Six days afterward Ben Trope rode his saddle horse up to the wooden awning that shelters the front porch of the infirmary and, dismounting, went inside. "Hello, Smith. You're lookin' lots better'n you did. The doctor says you're pullin' through fine. Mebbe you'll be ready to travel in a week or two."

"I'm ready most any time," the disabled man responded eagerly as he sat up in bed. "Where's my flour sack?"

"Well, feller," the half-breed explained apologetically, "I didn't go after—that is, I thought there wasn't any rush about it. I ain't got it yet."

"Ain't got it?" yelled the man on the cot. "You said you'd git it and bring it to me! Where is it?"

"Looky here, Smith, don't worry like that," Trope said soothingly. "Yer things can't git away. These Indians ain't bad on the steal, and if they was they'd git found out. Charley Red Bonnet's got yer horse and saddle and rifle at his place. He's been usin' 'em, but he'll turn 'em over to me any time I ask him fer 'em. It was old blind Jennie Two Moons that come along when you was knocked out and picked up yer flour sack and—"

"Has she still got it?" Smith stared wildly at the Indian cowboy.

"I reckon she has. If she ain't, it'll be easy enough to—"

"Where does she live?"

"She lives about a mile and a half up the valley road toward the bridge where you got hurt. I was jist thinkin' I'd—"

"What kind of a lookin' place is hers?"

"Well, it looks about like the rest of 'em. Hers is the second shack on the right-hand side of the road. But I'm goin' up that way this afternoon and—"

"Say, cowboy, git me a horse and let me go with you," Smith implored. "I want to be sure to git it. Them Indians'll steal everything. There's some pictures and—and—some letters—and—say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll take me right along with you."

"Oh, that part of it'll be all right," Trope said comfortably. "It won't cost you anything only mebbe two bits for old Jennie as a present fer keepin' it fer you. I'll fix that part of it and then—"

"But let me go with you, and let's go right now."

"No, I can't go jist now, Smith. I've got to go and see the agent first about some business," Trope walked toward the door.

"Don't go—wait a minute," came the anxious appeal. "I'll give you—"

But the half-breed was gone.

In the agent's office the conversation concerned the unusual patient at the infirmary.

"He's doin' a lot of worryin' about that flour sack," said Trope. "He was ravin' about it all the time when I brought him in to the agency that day, and when I went in to see him jist now he jumped me about it the first thing. When I told him old Jennie had it and that I'd go and git it he wasn't satisfied unless I'd take him along. He don't ever seem to bother about his horse and saddle and his rifle, and there ain't any better saddle on the reservation, and it's a good horse. Charley Red Bonnet said it was plumb fagged out when he caught it. I saw it the next day, and it still looked tired, and it was lame from havin' jumped off the bridge, but it's all right now."

"It all seems rather strange," observed the agent.

"It sure does, Mr. Benson. And the way he got balled up on what he was doin' here didn't sound right to me. First he said he was comin' on the reservation to visit some Indians, but I couldn't git him to name any of 'em. Then he talked about buyin' horses



from 'em, but he never showed any signs of knowin' which Indians had horses to sell. I've asked a lot of the Indians, but none of 'em seems to know who he is. He talked so nutty that I thought he was dreamin' about havin' a flour sack, but he had one all right."

"How do you know Jennie got it?"

"Well, I saw her moccasin tracks by the bridge. She's part blind, you know, and walks with a stick and limps a little. Her tracks was made after the feller's horse tracks was made, and I saw she was carryin' somethin' when she went off the bridge that she didn't have when she went on it."

"Ben, the doctor and I have been talking together about this man's business on the reservation," said the agent, "but I'd like to hear from you. What do you think?"

"Mr. Benson, my guess is that he had somethin' in that sack that he thinks an awful lot more of than he does of the beef."

"Yes, of course; but what is it? Had you thought of its being peyote buttons?"

"No, sir, I hadn't thought of that."

"Have you heard of any peyote-eating parties around Jennie's neighborhood or among any of the rest of them lately. Anybody been drugged?"

"No, nor I ain't seen any Indians that acted like they'd been eatin' peyote," Trope replied.

The agent leaned back in his chair. For a few moments he looked dreamily out of the open doorway. "I'll tell you what you do, Ben," he proposed; "you go right up to Jennie's place and find out about that flour sack. If she has it, you get it and bring it to me. Tell her if she keeps out anything that was in it when she got it, I'll send a policeman after her and put her in jail."

"Mr. Benson, I'd like to look into that sack myself, and I'm thinkin' this feller's a bad man and not entitled to much favorin', but I couldn't hardly git out of promisin' him I'd bring it to him. Maybe it'd be better if you sent one of the policemen to git it."

"No, I'd rather you'd go, Ben, if you will. I'll assure you we won't harm anything that honestly belongs to him. But you understand how I have a right to know all about the business of any man that comes on this reservation, and you can—"

The agent sprang to his feet. "O Ben! Look! Why, the crazy fool! There he goes now on your horse!"

Rushing past the agency office building was Smith on Ben Trope's horse traveling up the valley. He was hatless, coatless and shoeless. His broken right leg, encased in a plaster cast splint, was dangling free of the stirrup. With his left hand he alternately guided the horse and grasped the saddle horn. With his right he applied the riding quirt.

"Go after him, Ben!" the agent shouted. "Take a policeman's horse from the hitch rack. I'll send some police to help you. Bring back the man first. Don't bother about the sack until you get the man."

Ben Trope mounted a horse and headed it up the road. His own steed, which the fleeing man was riding, was the strongest and speediest saddle horse on the reservation, and it was a quarter of a mile up the road ahead of Trope on his inferior animal.

But the pursued man turned aside in his flight and dashed up to the doorway of Jennie Two Moons' log hut. The old woman and two girls fled and dived into the brush like wild rabbits. The desperate horseman dismounted carefully and tossed the bridlereins over the animal's head. Hopping and hobbling into the hut, he looked quickly about the interior of it. A soiled white bag was lying near the head of a pallet of quilts on the dirt floor. He pounced upon it and hurriedly examined its contents. A thrill of joy seemed to sweep through his whole being and to put new life and courage into him. He uttered a half-suppressed cheer. Moving with an added agility, he hopped to the doorway and out to the horse. As he was about to tie the bag to the horn of the saddle Ben Trope galloped his panting animal up to the hut and dismounted.

"What do you want here, you dirty breed?" the white man thundered.

"The agent wants to see you," Trope replied quietly, though his beady black eyes glittered a more imperative message.



"Well, he don't need to see me now. I'm goin' away from here right quick."

The crippled fugitive tied the sack firmly to the saddle horn, grasped the pommel and moved as if to clamber upon the horse. He paused when Trope laid a strong detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Say, looky here, cowboy," Smith coaxed, "I'll pay you whatever you want fer yer horse, and I'll give you a hundred dollars besides if you'll let me—"

"No, we're goin' back to the agency together," Trope interrupted him as he took hold of the horse's bridle bit.

Smith held in his right hand the riding quirt reversed. The loaded butt of it swung free by some twelve inches. With a sudden movement indicative of his having had training as a boxer he wielded the weapon. The half-breed crumpled under the blow and went to the ground.

The liberated man climbed upon the horse. With the quirt he lashed its flank, and the spirited animal bounded forward. A hundred feet distant it turned into the main roadway. At that instant there was the crack of a pistol shot. The speeding horse plunged, staggered, fell dead.

Within five minutes thereafter the recent guest and fugitive was a prisoner and on his way back to the agency. He was seated upon the policeman's horse that Ben Trope had been riding, and his half-breed captor walked twenty feet ahead. In one hand Trope carried the flour sack, and with the other he held a lariar rope that led the horse. A large black and blue lump above his left eye and blood smeared down the left side of his face furnished conclusive evidence of the character of his captive.

"Smith, you picked out the wrong place for this kind of rough work," the agent warned him at the infirmary. "You might as well make up your mind to stay here peacefully until we're ready to let you go."

The official had received the flour sack from Ben Trope. He emptied its contents upon a table. There was only a flannel shirt rolled and tied by a string and a pair of overalls that were also rolled and tied. The agent rummaged with his hand down into the sack and then looked into it.

"Is this the valuable stuff you've been so anxious about, Smith?" he asked sarcastically.

"Well, there's some letters—and—and—some pictures, and—I'd hate to lose 'em. I was afraid the Indians might burn 'em up or throw 'em away or something."

"Didn't you have some peyote buttons in it?"

"Peyote buttons? What's that?"

"Now look here, Smith," persisted the agent, "you tell me the truth about this and help me locate this stuff among my Indians, and I'll make it a little easier for you. My principal object is to protect my people, not to punish you. I know more about you than you think I do. The Crow Indian agent wrote me about a peyote smuggler that had slipped away from his reservation after having got a lot of his Indians drug-crazy, and he said—"

"But, Mr. Benson," Ben Trope interrupted him, "this man didn't come from the Crow reservation."

"How do you know, Ben?"

"Well, the next day after I brought him here I back-trailed him from the bridge. I followed the tracks about twelve miles on up Porcupine Creek and over the mountain, showin' he come from Wyoming. I looked at the brand on the horse he was ridin', and I saw it belonged to a rancher I know over by Sheridan."

The agent appeared perplexed. He looked again into the sack, seeming to meditate upon what it might have contained. "I'll send a policeman out to bring in Jennie Two Moons," he announced.

He picked up the shirt roll and was about to replace it in the receptacle.

"Wouldn't it be all right, Mr. Benson," Trope intervened, "to look at his letters and pictures? I'd like to see 'em myself."

"No!" shouted the owner of the bundles. "Give 'em to me," he demanded. "They're mine, and I ain't no dope peddler."

"Just keep quiet, Smith," the agent said soothingly. "We won't harm anything that belongs to you, but we're going to find out —" He had cut the string that bound the shirt roll.

"Stop there! That's my stuff!" The prostrate man whirled his body so that he sat up on the edge of the cot. "You ain't got any right to break into my things. You ain't got any warrant."

"Your rights don't amount to much on an Indian reservation," the local monarch

responded as he unrolled the package. "You're a trespasser here; you're not an Indian."

Two Indian policemen had interposed themselves between the cot and the table upon which the inspection was being made. The agent spread out the flannel shirt. At the disclosure his whole body expressed amazement. "Ben! Doctor! Look at it!"

He hurriedly cut the strings that bound the overalls and unrolled them also. "And here's more of it!" he exclaimed.

Wilted, faint, almost collapsed, the defeated man sank back upon his cot.

"I've been figgerin' he's that feller they want over at Sheridan," Ben Trope explained.

"Of course he is, Ben," the agent exclaimed, "and you deserve all the credit! The reward will probably buy you several horses as good as your fine pet you had to kill." He

turned to the cowering prisoner. "You killed a man while you were doing this job," he said sternly. "You deserve—oh, well, we'll do our part to see that you get what's coming to you." He spoke to the two policemen: "Take him to the jail, lock him up and guard him all the time."

For several minutes the agent, the doctor and the half-breed were busily at work invoicing and computing.

"Well, I'm pleased to learn that old Jennie was wealthy for a few days, even though she didn't seem to appreciate it," the doctor observed dryly.

The agent was writing with pencil and paper. "I believe this states it clearly," he said.

Then he read aloud:

"Sheriff, Sheridan, Wyoming: Express robber here. Money recovered forty-two thousand dollars."

## BELOVED ACRES

By John H. Hamlin



### Chapter Two A neglected ranch

THE chorus of birds singing in the cherry tree the thick branches of which brushed against her window awakened Elizabeth at the first streak of dawn. She got out of bed and, going to the open window, drank in the fresh beauty of the morning.

The little town of Glenning was situated on a plateau hugging the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Stretching to the east were the fertile acres of Nectar Valley, and from her window Elizabeth could see the nebulous cloud of mist rising from the bosom of Nectar Lake far down the valley. She leaned out of the casement and gazed upon the high, barren ridge that acted as a barrier between Clover Creek Valley and the valley of Nectar Lake. Dim as a faded ribbon, the road traced its crooked way up and over Maverick Grade; that was the course she must take to reach Craymore Acres. And the morning found her more determined than ever to exert every effort to prevent the sacrifice of the property.

She wished that her younger brother, Ward, were at home. Even though he was only a care-free, happy-go-lucky lad of twenty, just three years younger than herself, the two had always been good pals; that is, until he had gone away to college. Of late they had drifted somewhat apart. Ward had changed and grown a little wild and unruly, whereas Beth had withdrawn more and more into herself. But Ward's vacation would not begin until later, and so for the time being Beth must tackle her problem alone.

Her interview with her mother, which had extended far into the night, had ended much where it began. If her sons wished to sell, Mrs. Craymore saw no reason why the Craymore women-folk should stand in their way. It was not a woman's job, running Craymore Acres; nor did it seem to be a job that Grayson could handle. But Beth was not convinced. Even when her mother pointed out the stupendous difficulties that they were about to face the vision of her father floated before the girl's eyes, and always she seemed to see a look and gesture of protest. Beth said nothing of that to her mother, but she repeated over and over: "Father would not wish us to sacrifice the ranch!"

Elizabeth turned from the window and dressed. She would drive out in the roadster, but, anticipating a ride on Trixie when she got to the ranch, she donned her short dark divided skirt, her high laced boots and her jaunty shirt of soft gray flannel. It was the costume that she had always worn when she rode the saddle mare. The pleasurable prospect chased away the depression that had settled upon her; there was nothing that could put her in a more sprightly mood than a brisk canter on the

nimble Trixie. Even driving the automobile could not compare with the pulsing delight of whisking like the wind astride her spirited mare.

Elizabeth stole quietly down the stairs and halted on the landing as her ears caught the muffled clatter of dishes out in the kitchen. "Oh, what a shame! And I didn't want to awaken mother," she thought as she hurried through the dining room.

It was not Mrs. Craymore, however, that was at work in the kitchen. Beth pushed open the swinging door just a crack and peered into the immaculate, white-enameled kitchen. Grandmother Grayson was sifting flour into a blue mixing bowl. There was a dab of flour on her roseleaf cheek; her white hair, fluffed and done in a becoming coil atop her small head, set off the pink of her flushed face. Her morning dress was of muslin sprigged with pretty, pink-flowering vines. She was humming an old-fashioned melody. Obeying the impulse, Elizabeth ran lightly over to the little old lady and hugged her, flour sifter and all, in close embrace. "You perfect darling! To think of your getting up at such an hour! And I know why. May I have just one guess, sweetheart?"

"Why, Beth!" Grandmother Grayson carefully extracted the flour sifter from the folds of her dress, lovingly implanted a kiss upon her granddaughter's lips and nodded her head in birdlike movements as she continued with her mixing.

"It's muffins, and we're to have honey, and we'll eat our breakfast out there under the cherry tree! Oh, you are the nicest grandmother in the whole world, and I love you. So there!"

Beth busied herself in laying the cloth on the small table out on the lawn and happily forgot her approaching interview with Grayson.

In a remarkably short time the two were seated at breakfast, and Grandmother Grayson fairly beamed when Beth praised her muffins, told her how pretty and sweet she looked and how often she prayed to grow old in the same graceful and gracious manner.

"How you talk, Beth! But you are a comfort. And I—like your pretty compliments, my dear," said Mrs. Grayson, bobbing a quaint curtsy to her granddaughter.

"Do you think I am horrid and disagreeable not to give in to mother and the boys about selling Craymore Acres, grandmother?" asked Beth when the enjoyable meal was ended and she was preparing to get the car out of the garage.

"You have never been horrid or disagreeable to me, Beth. And I know you will go right ahead and do what you think best. Only, my dear, always remember that family ties are very, very precious. You mustn't think of self alone. Just remember the Golden Rule, Beth, and you will have few regrets. Give my love to Grayson and be patient, Beth; that is always becoming in a young girl."

"But you don't blame me for not wanting to sell, grandmother? Not to that Merceau man and at such a dreadfully low figure?" insisted Beth.

"I have no interest in the ranch, my dear—only the love I have for all of you. I hope each will try and see things from the others' point of view; then everything will



come out for the best. Do be careful driving over Maverick Grade, Beth. Good-by."

Grandmother Grayson fluttered a tiny square of cambric at Elizabeth as the girl started the car and headed it up the street in the direction of the ranch.

Fruit trees lined the streets of Glenning; their heavily laden branches drooped over fences and shaded the comfortable-looking dwellings that made the village look like the contented community it was. Coasting down the hill that took her out of the town limits and to the highway leading to Clover Creek Valley, Beth began to appreciate the setting and the individuality of Glenning more than she had ever appreciated them before. Once she was away from the houses that skirted the outer limits, the character of the surroundings changed. The foothills were dry and barren except for squat sagebrush and dwarf juniper trees, and here and there great masses of blackened volcanic rock rose up in grotesque formations. Farther on the pines began to appear, and by the time the car had covered six miles Beth was at the foot of Maverick Grade, which topped in sinuous loops the high shoulder of the Sierra.

It was a long, slow pull up the mountain road, but Beth understood her engine and managed to make the grade without a stop except at the watering trough at the halfway point. Then from the summit the road dipped and ascended, looped and twisted till it finally entered the forest of pines that fringed the far crest of the mountain overlooking Clover Creek Valley.

There was just one place in the trees where an unobstructed view of the valley was obtainable, and there Beth stopped the car. Her glance skimmed over the floor of the valley, noticing each familiar ranch, the green clusters of poplar trees sheltering the farmhouses, and then moved on to where the crooked rail fences hemmed in the holdings of the Craymores. It was late in June, and the ground still retained moisture from the winter's snowfall. Everywhere the lush green of timothy, redbud, clover and wild grasses shimmered in emerald beauty beneath the rays of the morning sun.

"Oh, it is lovely, lovely!" murmured Beth, and a great sigh trembled on her parted lips. "I can see the light green of the grain down there in the lower fields. And those poplar trees we planted along the lane have grown wonderfully. And how nice the buildings look, standing out so clear against the background of pines on the hill beyond! Oh, I am so anxious to get there!"

She was about to start the car when she heard the chug of another machine. She would wait where she was until it passed, for the road narrowed just ahead of her. The car swung round the curve and bore down upon her.

There was only one person in it. Beth recognized Victor Merceau.

"A-hh, Ma'amselle Craymore, *bonjour!* Eet is for de farewell veezit you pay to de ol' ranch, eh? Dat's fine ting you sell to me, yes. I have de sabe on dis ranch bizness, and you—oh, la-la-la!" There was the same broken lilt to his words that Clotilde Merceau affected, only the father never had had the schooling that should have smoothed away the rough edges from his daughter's English.

Beth merely bowed her head in acknowledgement of his greeting and would have pursued her way had Merceau not blocked the road.

"Clotilde, she mek meestake, eh, when she say Bets not wish for to sell?"

"I will let you know later, Mr. Merceau," she replied shortly.

"Mek eet not too late, unnerstan', ma'amselle, or mebbe—" He shrugged his heavy shoulders and started his car with a jerk.

Elizabeth saw the sneering twist of his lips and the ugly contraction of his brows. "He would threaten me, the beast!" Her car shot forward even more viciously than Merceau's. "He tried to bully father until father showed him he was not afraid. Oh, father, help me! I—I don't want to be afraid, either!"



"Beth, you're crazy! Didn't you sign those deeds?"

On hummed the car, taking the down grade at a quick pace, for the road was wide, and the turns were not sharp. When the wheels hit the hard valley road Beth advanced the throttle, and the miles sped past till the crooked rail fence loomed but a short distance ahead. Then the girl slackened the pace, for she wanted to see every nook and cranny of Craymore Acres that were visible from the main highway.

The stand of timothy and redbud looked fairly good to the girl's eyes, but even she could tell that the grain in the lower field was not flourishing. "It needs more water. Grayson should have it irrigated at once," she said to herself.

When she reached the big gate opening into the lane that extended for a mile straight to the ranch house she slowed down the car until it was scarcely moving and bumped the gate with the fender. There was an iron ring latch that her father had placed on the gate, and it bobbed out of its notch whenever the gate was jolted hard; it had always been a source of delight to the girl to open the gate in that way. She was not disappointed this time; with the blow up bobbed the ring, and the gate swung wide. The poplar trees that lined either side of the lane whizzed by in a continuous blur as she raced towards the ranch house. A pair of Airedale terriers charged to meet the machine, but their savage barking terminated in whines of welcome when Beth clambered down from the seat.

"Hello, Time, glad to see me, are you? Hello, Tempo! You look just the same as ever and just as much alike." Beth talked to the dogs—named Time and Tempo because they were as alike as two peas. "Where's your master, doggies?" The girl straightened up, commanded the terriers to "down" and scrutinized the house and yard.

The house was big and rambling; it was two stories high and had a wide veranda round three sides of it. There was a substantial stone milk house and storeroom just a few steps in the rear. A few scattering poplar trees shaded the front and one side; gnarled old apple trees grew on the grass plot, which sloped towards a pond a short distance from the kitchen stoop. Reeds and tulles fringed the borders of the pool, and a few ducks and geese floated idly upon the surface. But the grass needed water, and the flower beds, which once had been Beth's pride, were

overgrown with weeds. A faucet was leaking near one corner of the veranda, and a rank growth of marsh grass had sprung up along the trickling stream.

Across the road and back some distance from the house stood the huge, unpainted barn with its steeply sloping roof thatched with cedar shakes; pigeons were strutting and flitting over the ridgepole and preening their feathers on the ledges of the gable windows. A few head of horses were nibbling at the chaff in the feed racks in the corrals. The blacksmith shop, the wagon sheds and the other outbuildings were ranged round the spacious corrals. Beyond in the untilled fields between the corrals and the timber line cattle were grazing among the brush. Chickens and turkeys were scratching and fussing all over the premises; the hungry squealing of pigs sounded from the region behind the stone dairy. But there was no sign of a human being anywhere. The bunk house, a long, low building on the side of a knoll, seemed absolutely deserted.

Beth resented the air of neglect. She went to the front door, which was ajar, and entered the enormous living room. The floor was littered with papers, magazines, shoes and various articles of clothing. The wicker furniture and the capacious couches were laden with dust; pictures were askew on the walls. The yawning fireplace of cobble stones held a mass of ashes and partly burned rubbish.

The sad disorder hurt the girl. She hurriedly made the rounds of the downstairs rooms—the dining room, the kitchen, the pantry and the big sleeping rooms. The same disorder prevailed everywhere.

"Hello—who's there? What do you want?" A masculine voice came down the stairway. "Oh, hello, Grayson. Are you up there? It's Beth. May I come up?" replied Elizabeth, trying to control her exasperation. "But, O dear," she thought, "I wonder if even Grandmother Grayson could be patient about such a dreadful mess?"

"Yes, to be sure, Beth. I'm in my dressing gown, but you won't mind, will you?" said her brother, thrusting a tousled head over the banisters.

Elizabeth climbed the stairs, and Grayson, meeting her at the landing, led her into the big north room.

"Fixed it up for a studio, Beth. Best light in the house. See, I've done a lot of things since I've been out here." Grayson indicated a number of canvases strewn on chairs and benches and crudely constructed easels.

Although Beth knew little about art, a hasty examination of the paintings, most of which were only partly finished, did not please her. Then a wave of resentment rose

within her against her brother, who could dawdle his time away in daubing silly foreign scenes and freakish figures while all round him the fine old ranch was going to wrack and ruin. She checked the wrathful feeling as best she could and struggled to keep back the tears, but failed.

"Oh, G-Grayson—" She began to cry.

"Why, Beth, what's the matter?" demanded her brother in amazement.

She stared at him through her tears. The gray and purple robe suited well with his dark gray eyes and heavy black lashes. The mass of his light brown hair fell in straight wisps over his forehead. His tall, thin figure suggested physical frailty, and his tapering fingers and well-kept hands denoted a certain fastidiousness that belied his surroundings. Even though she was keenly disappointed in her brother's mismanagement of Craymore Acres, Elizabeth's heart softened towards him.

"It hurts, Grayson, finding everything I love so dearly in such a m-mess." Beth looked at him reproachfully.

"Why should we worry now, Beth? Merceau doesn't care a continental how the house looks—"

"But I do, and you should too!" Beth interrupted him. Her tears were fast drying.

"Nonsense! He'll be taking possession of the premises sometime this week. Say, I'll pack up this very day, and go back to Glenning with you!" exclaimed Grayson eagerly.

"You can pack up and go to Glenning, but not with me, Grayson; for I am going to stay right here and straighten things up," said Beth firmly.

"Why straighten up for the Merceaus? What's the use?"

"You are mistaken, Grayson. Craymore Acres has not yet been sold, and it shan't be sold to Victor Merceau if I have anything to say about it—which I most certainly have."

"Beth, you're crazy! Didn't you sign those deeds?"

"I did not!"

"What! But what shall I do? I have made all my plans to leave. I am going to Paris again to continue my painting. I can't stay here any longer. Don't you understand that? Why, I've simply let down flat since mother agreed to sell. I hate the old place. I hate everything about it. I'd go mad if I thought I had to stick out here through another month even. None of us Craymores are cut out for ranchers. You ought to know that better than any of us, Beth." Grayson was pacing back and forth; his slender hands were clenching and unclenching spasmodically.

"You could have managed a little better if you hadn't neglected everything for this!" With a sweeping gesture of her hand Beth contemptuously indicated the collection of canvases.

"But it's the work I love, this painting. Say, do you suppose I could have stayed out here as long as I have if it hadn't been for my art? I never liked the beastly ranch. Father knew it. I wouldn't have come out here after he died if mother hadn't put up such a sentimental fuss. Bah! How anyone can wax sentimental over such a howling wilderness is more than I can understand. You ought to think of the rest of us, Beth. What right have you to hold up this sale when mother, Ward and I want to get rid of the ranch?"

"I don't see why I should consider you when you never once thought how I might feel about selling. I love this ranch—"

"Bah! You've acted like it. How much time have you put in out here since father's death, I'd like to know? You love it, yes—a long way off!"

"But I've never dreamed of not coming back. I've been taking this business course to fit myself purposely to keep the books and accounts out here—"

"Oh, that's good, Beth; you've intended doing a whole lot of things in the past two years, but you've displayed about as much energy and ambition as a rag baby. I'd like to know what's come over you to stir up such a commotion about not wanting to sell. And as for your straightening up out here, since when have you ever lifted a finger even to straighten out your own room at home? Mother's always done everything for you, thought for you—why, I don't believe you ever took the initiative about a single thing in your whole life. Pray tell me

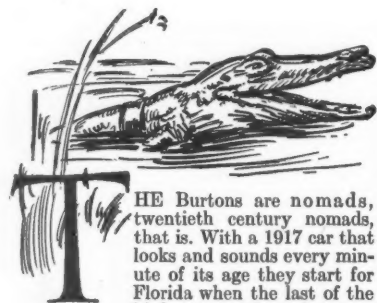
Merceau





who stirred you up about blocking the sale of Craymore Acres?"

"I shan't talk with you until you have calmed down, Grayson. Is there a man on the place I could ask to saddle Trixie for me? I'm going to ride over the ranch; I think it will be refreshing after listening to the insulting remarks you have made." Beth's teeth gripped her lower lip to stop its trembling.



THE Burtons are nomads, twentieth century nomads, that is. With a 1917 car that looks and sounds every minute of its age they start for Florida when the last of the birds go south and return shortly after the robins arrive in the spring. Through the summer they do a little desultory farming but the source of their livelihood is the income from the thirty thousand dollars that Mrs. Burton's Uncle Joe Carmichel left to her a dozen or more years ago. It is understood that they live in a tent or a shack or some such makeshift structure near Lake Okechobee from November till March. Mr. Burton says he simply will not shovel snow any more. It sometimes seems to the rest of us that the trouble he takes to avoid a snow shovel outweighs the advantages gained, but the Burtons appear to like their way of life. There are three of them, Mr. and Mrs. Burton and their son, Hermon. It was Hermon that introduced Pete to us.

Their farm is the next up the valley from ours. It is a place of several hundred acres, but Mr. Burton seldom plows more than fifteen or eighteen, and even with the meadow and the pasture not a fourth of the farm returns a cent of income. But the house is comfortable; Uncle Joe Carmichel had modernized it considerably before his death.

The Burtons returned home about the middle of April two years ago, and the next morning Hermon appeared at our house and invited us all to come over and see Pete at once. The boy was very mysterious, evidently having planned a surprise for us, and would not tell who or what Pete was. We didn't know whether Pete was a pickaninny or a parrot.

Mother and I finally went back with him. Mrs. Burton did not seem so enthusiastic about Pete as her son. She sniffed audibly at the mention of Pete's name, but she followed when Hermon led the way to the bathroom. There in two inches of tepid water in the bottom of the porcelain tub lay a three-foot alligator.

"The time we've had bringing that thing north with us!" said Mrs. Burton with a dramatic gesture. "Fancy mixing that miserable alligator up with our baggage in the car, with the weather getting colder all the time and Hermon nearly having a fit for fear he'd get chilled, which I devoutly hoped he would!"

"Oh, pshaw, ma!" Hermon interposed.

"And," Mrs. Burton continued, "when we got here—and every one of us needing a bath—what does my brave boy do the second the water is turned on but plump that wretched thing in the tub!"

"Oh, pshaw, ma!" Hermon observed again.

"I said everything I could think of to his father, but he wouldn't interfere. The only comfort is that the alligator won't live; it's more than half dead right now!"

Pete's behavior seemed to bear out her assertion. His fishy eyes looked glazed, as if the film of death were already stealing over them, and he permitted Hermon to lift him from the water with only the feeblest tremor to testify that life still lingered. But within a day or two the creature began to "chirk up," and after consuming a number of minnows that Hermon caught in the creek and put into the tub, he revived to such an extent that he got out and was found the next morning absorbing needed heat under the kitchen range.

"There's not a man left; even Parks quit. What's the use of hiring anyone else if we're going to sell?" growled Grayson.

"Then I'll go get Trixie myself. I've done it before, and I may as well get used to it now," said Beth.

Grayson stared at his sister, then dropped his eyes before her steady look. His white fingers fumbled with the tassel of his dressing gown. "Clotilde's got Trixie. The mare was

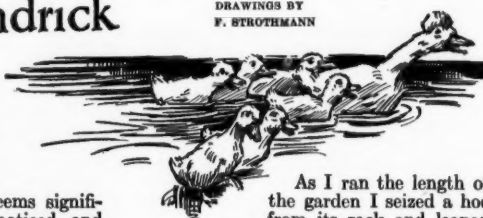
included in the bill of sale. I let Clotilde take her last week."

"You let that girl have my saddle mare—my Trixie? How dared you? You had no right to give Trixie away. She is mine; father gave her to me for my very own," Elizabeth's cheeks flushed a vivid pink as she faced her brother accusingly.

"Didn't I just tell you the mare was included in the inventory? Great Caesar,

## PETE By Roe L. Hendrick

DRAWINGS BY  
F. STROTHMANN



of teasing Pete with sticks. They may have broken the chain by accident and then have run away and said nothing about it, or the chain may have had a weak link that parted when the alligator was thrashing about. It seems significant to me that we had noticed and commented upon the abandonment of the swimming hole a day or two before we learned of Pete's escape.

Hermon was disconsolate and spent virtually all his spare time going up and down the creek seeking his lost pet. It was like searching for a needle in a haystack, for the stream meanders for a mile through a willow tangle on their place and then runs into an even denser swamp below our farm. Hermon found tracks in two places where the creature had crawled out on a sand bank, but obtained not so much as a glimpse of Pete himself.

That summer Cousin Kate Simpson came to pay one of her regular visits at our house. She was an elderly lady from Boston and a rather troublesome guest, being what father termed "crotchety." Her constant companion and most cherished possession was a small French poodle, Mimi,—she pronounced it "Meemee,"—that I cordially disliked. The dog was barbered to resemble a miniature lion and had sore eyes and a waspish disposition. Our cats hated Mimi more than I did, for he lost no opportunity to annoy them.

Late one warm afternoon in early September Cousin Kate was reading under the arbor that bounded our garden on the north, and Mimi was lolling at her feet. Then old Tort, our three-colored cat, appeared and was promptly chased to the foot of the garden, up to which the creek comes by a wide bend through the pasture. From the barn, where I was sharpening corn knives, I listened to the sound of yapping and heard old Tort snarl and spit as she leaped to the top of the fence. "That confounded poodle!" I muttered, sympathizing heartily with the persecuted cat; and then came a terrified howl, and Cousin Kate began to scream.

"I hope she almost scratches his eyes out!" I said to myself, convinced that at last old Tort had lost patience and turned upon her persecutor.

But Cousin Kate kept on screaming, and as I hurried from the barn old Tort rushed by me, with her tail swollen almost to the size of her body.

"Something's got Mimi! Something's got Mimi! Run, run!" Cousin Kate shrieked hysterically at sight of me.

I presume the saurian was carried back to the bathtub, snapping and protesting, but just what disposition was made of him till settled warm weather came in June I do not know. Then, however, by means of a chain and a collar just behind his forelegs he was fastened in a shallow pool in the creek a few rods from the house. I asked Hermon what he meant to do with Pete the next fall, whether he planned to take him back to Florida.

"No," the boy said promptly; "I'm going to sell him to a zoo. That's why I got as big a one as I did. Most people get little dinky alligators to bring north, but nearly always they don't live, and you can't sell them for anything worth while if they do. But Pete's got a fine start and is going to be a whopper. I'll get a good price for him."

The Stanleys, living farther north up the creek, kept ducks and geese, and soon after Pete had been anchored in the creek a family of ducklings came swimming down the stream as was their custom. Only three of them went back; Pete accounted for the rest. Mrs. Stanley caught him in the act of seizing the last one.

She is rather a militant woman when she feels justly aggrieved, and a very unpleasant interview ensued at the Burton home. Mrs. Stanley wanted to be paid at once for her lost ducklings. Mr. Burton asserted that if they had not been trespassers they would not have been lost. Mrs. Stanley's retort was that no good citizen and neighbor had a right to bring a dangerous beast into a quiet community, and that from the very earliest times ducks and geese had swum up and down the creek at will, with only ordinary perils to encounter. That was true, for the question of trespassing had never been raised before, though no doubt it was a vital point at law. The outcome was that both families became angry and ceased to speak.

Shortly afterwards Pete made his escape. The chain was found dangling in the stream. The collar and two or three links were missing along with the alligator. Mr. Burton and Hermon hinted darkly that Mrs. Stanley, being a violent woman, had probably made away with Pete; and when the remarks reached her ears she promptly started an action for slander. Apologies were made later, however, and the case never came to trial.

What actually happened I do not know. Several boys of the neighborhood, on their way to the swimming hole in our pasture, had fallen into the bad habit, if unobserved,

*I thrust out the hoe and jerked Pete to the surface*



Beth, I never dreamed you felt like this about the old ranch or Trixie—wait, where are you going, Beth?" Grayson strode to the head of the stairs and peered down, for his sister had suddenly run from the room.

Her heels were beating a determined tattoo on the uncarpeted stairway. "Where am I going?" she flung back at him. "I am going over to Merceau's to get Trixie!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

As I ran the length of the garden I seized a hoe from its rack and leaped over the fence, for a sudden suspicion had flashed into my mind. For perhaps a rod at the bend the creek almost touches the fence, and the water forms a pool twenty feet wide and a yard or more deep. Mimi's white hair could be seen through the rolled water and just beyond it a dim outline that I recognized at a glance. Jumping into the stream, I thrust out the hoe and jerked Pete to the surface. He wriggled free, but with a heave of the hoe handle I threw him out on the opposite bank and hurried to head him off and pin him down.

But Cousin Kate interfered. She was half over the garden fence, weeping and wringing her hands. "Save Mimi!" she kept calling. "He's drowning. Get him out before he drowns!"

So I turned back and fished the unfortunate poodle from the stream; but there was no question of saving his life. Pete had done for him even before he had dragged him into the water.

Cousin Kate kept the entire family occupied for some time, and when I finally had an opportunity to search for Pete he had of course disappeared. Hermon came over in answer to a telephone call, and we literally raked the creek the width of our farm, without finding so much as a trace of the alligator.

Cousin Kate left for home the next day. She appeared to blame us for the existence of the alligator and said tartly that she never would have dreamed of taking poor Mimi to such a place if she had supposed a creature like that was harbored there! Mother was very apologetic, but the rest of the family said nothing. We could not see just how we were responsible for Pete.

"He'll freeze up this fall, and that will be the end of him," said father.

Hermon did not abandon the search till his family left for Florida early in November. At about the same time the weather turned cold, and we started our furnace fire in the cellar. Two or three days later mother declared that a muskrat had entered through the drain; she said she could smell it in the close air of the cellar.

I sniffed, but could detect no unusual odor. That proved nothing, however, for mother's nostrils are amazingly keen; we often tell her she could follow a trail by scent alone. Muskrats had bothered us twice before by coming up from the creek through the tile drain, but we believed we had put a stop to that by fastening a grate over the top of the drain.

It was in the corner behind the furnace in a narrow space between the cold-air box and the foundation wall. I lighted a match, rested one hand against the wall, leaned far over and peered down. Snap! went something within an inch of the extended hand that held the match, and up rolled an odor of musk that even I could not mistake.

I fairly fell backward off the cold-air box, wasted two matches before I got another light, and when I looked over the box again Pete's tail was just disappearing down the drain. The grating had been pushed aside. I replaced it, fastened it with a big stone and went upstairs to report.

"He can't get back now," I assured mother, but the statement by no means soothed her.

"I'll never go down those stairs again till that thing is disposed of," she said firmly and added: "I'd



almost like to wring Hermon Burton's neck!"

Father and I held a consultation the upshot of which was that, wearing hip boots, we fastened a burlap sack over the end of the tile at the edge of the creek below the garden and began to pour water from the kitchen pump into the cellar end of the drain. It proved a tedious task, for the nine-inch tile had a sharp fall and held a great deal of water. We believed that Pete would soon be washed into the sack, but repeated visits found it empty. Finally when we were on the point of giving up in disgust water began to trickle back into the cellar; the drain was full.

The next morning we found that the water had settled only a yard or two.

That proved that the passage was almost completely closed; there was nothing to do but to dig up the drain and find the stoppage.

Three trial shafts we put down before we came upon Pete near the foot of the garden. He was dead, drowned in fact; his body was wedged fast with a mass of grass, bulrushes and mud that he had dragged in apparently to form a nest. Probably he had used the drain as a hiding place even before he attacked Mimi.

When I told Hermon about our experience and the fate of Pete, after our neighbors had returned from Florida, he was indignant. He said we should have dug Pete out without resorting to the use of water and thus have saved him to sell to a zoo.

## LUCK AND —

By C. Bedell Monro

JED TINKER pushed savagely away from the wharf and dropped to his seat. His oars, biting deep, thrust the dory through the black water of the rising tide that stole gradually up beneath the fog to fill the pocketlike harbor of Matinicus Island and cover the odorous mud and offal-strewn shore. It was scarcely three o'clock, and there was no sign of the sun or of the usual morning breeze. Muffled sounds showing that Jed was not the only early riser came through the darkness from the harbor and from the town, a clutter of shacks soaked with fish oil. The dark and fog shut off everything except the smell, which oozed dismally into the motionless air. Jed sniffed and rowed harder. "Stinks worse ev'ry day," he said aloud.

Suddenly he lifted his oars and sat motionless. His broad hand, going to the moist brown ringlets that clung to his head, tousled them reflectively. Tiny drops of settled fog slipped down his forehead past the rugged nose to bring up against firm lips that quirked humorously at the corners. The boat pushed on against the tide. Jed turned his head to one side. His eyebrows, bleached white, lifted inquiringly with almost the same upward quirk as his lips. A faint rippling drifted in from the fog. With a chuckle of satisfaction the boy quartered the boat away from the sound, took several rapid strokes and then pulled in his oars.

"First man out of the harbor," he said as he bent over the rusty little motor.

There was no pride in his voice, in spite of the fact that far behind him other fishermen, all older than he, were still groping their way, fearing the jagged rocks that waited for incautious boats. Without compass, taking no soundings, with no aid other than his ears, Jed had carried through the rocky channel to the sea.

He had inherited that keen hearing from his father; that and little else to be sure. At the death of Old Jed, the ne'er-do-well, two years before, Young Jed had been left with a rotting dory, strength and a self-reliance far above his sixteen years and—his ears. "Member, Jeddie," Old Jed used to say, "the Tinker family has ears, if nothin' else. Use your ears, sonny, an' you won't go wrong."

So it was that Young Jed, ahead of his fellows, set the nose of his dory into the fog and chugged out to the fishing banks. The dory slid over the rollers that rose silently and unceasingly from the mist. Free of Matinicus and its smells, Jed sniffed in delight the wet salt air and began to whistle, interspersing the melody with bits of talk. Like many others who are much alone, Jed had the habit of talking, not to himself, but at himself, giving himself the advice and encouragement that the indifferent inhabitants of Matinicus did not offer.

"You're goin' t' get a whooper today," He whistled a few bars of Annie Laurie. "It's got t' be over fifty pound to win the prize. That twenty dollars'll just make the hundred for Sam's boat."

He tried a few notes of the Fishermen's Lament. "Took two year t' save eighty, an' that's some boat for a hundred dollar. Sam's lucky to be goin'." He's got enough to buy in on a schooner over to the coast. Mebbe with that boat I can do it too some day."

Jed looked at his leaky craft, which was racked by the puny force of its little engine,

and shook his head. His thoughts were on the prize of twenty dollars for the largest cod caught on a hand line during the two summer months. Each fisherman had contributed fifty cents to make up the prize. The twenty dollars would give Jed a real dory that no weather would keep at home. He fell into a long silence as he dreamed of leaving Matinicus. He hated the smell, the inexcusable filth. The boat chugged doggedly ahead. Suddenly Jed looked round him.

"Good fishin' here," he said as he shut off the engine.

He tossed over the anchor and after making sure that the rope was fast to the cleat in the bow busied himself with his tackle. He examined the lead sinker and then tested the large steel hooks with his thumb. He covered the hooks with two chunks of fish and slid them into the water.

Scarcely had the sinker touched bottom and been lifted two or three feet when there was a sharp tug. Jed gave a jerk and began to haul in.

Up came sixty feet of line, three pounds of sinker and twenty pounds of struggling fish. As he unhooked the flopping cod the quirks at the corners of Jed's mouth broke into a quick smile. He baited again and cast over his line.

An hour went by, two hours, three hours, and the bottom of the dory was covered with fish. And still they were biting! Day had changed the fog into a gray mist that eddied listlessly, still impenetrable. A fog-horn roared in the distance as a steamer cautiously felt its way through the dangerous waters that are typical of that part of the ocean between Matinicus and the coast of Maine, fifty miles away. Jed wiped his moist face on the back of a woolen sleeve and looked at his catch. The tide had turned and was now flowing out. The sinker hardly carried the hooks to the bottom. The line sung and vibrated in his hand.

"Bout ten minutes an' we'll have t' leave," said Jed thoughtfully.

His light brown eyes clouded; no record-breaking fish this summer; the contest closed that night. If Sam didn't get his money in two weeks, there would be no boat for Jed. Twenty dollars in two weeks—that was impossible. Ready money comes hard on Matinicus Island. The boy slowly paid out more line, for the hooks were being carried far from the bottom.

"Couldn't tell a bite now if I had one," murmured Jed, "unless—well!"

Four brown knuckles cracked against the gunwale as the line gave a sharp tug. In a moment Jed was exultantly heaving against a fish that had decided to stay in the water. Foot by foot the line came in; Jed braced himself against the gunwale of his boat. A huge swell, taking the boat sideways, threw him off his balance, and, still clinging to the line, he fell into a squirming mass of fish. His feet sought something solid and came against the cleat to which the anchor rope was tied. There was a rending crack, a splash, and the rope disappeared from its splintered support. The boat swung free and went dipping along with the tide.



At that moment the grandfather of all codfish gave a desperate flop

"Rotten ol' dory," muttered Jed, lurching to his feet.

But his eyes still glowed, and at the other end of his line a fish still fought for its freedom. Five feet ten of bone and muscle would conquer any fish in that part of the ocean, no matter how much harder a racing tide and a drifting boat made the task. Soon the grandfather of all codfish lay floundering in the bottom of the boat.

"A hundred pound if he's an ounce!" gasped Jed. "A real dory, a real engine an'—!" Jed sat down, overcame, and gazed lovingly at his prize. Jed was young, and he wanted that dory badly. He smiled broadly. "Guess we'll crank 'er an' start after that twenty. That was some lift, ol' boy!" Jed prodded the fish with his boot.

Still smiling, he bent over the engine and spun the wheel. There was no response. The boat still swept along, rising and falling. The fog pressed close. Whistling unperturbedly, Jed spun the wheel, which clanked mournfully with never a cough of life. Engrossed in his task, the boy did not notice a sound that ordinarily he could not have missed—a low sigh that drifted in with the fog, a sigh as of some one in great sorrow, half suppressed, choking, dying away to begin more painful than ever. He lifted his head and started to wipe the moisture from his face. The woolen sleeve paused in mid-air. Like lightning the oars went out, and Jed strained every muscle to pull away from the sighs that sounded just ahead.

"The Widow!" he groaned, and his lips were drawn into a thin straight line.

Half a mile off Matinicus Island, where the tide runs its maddest as it sweeps round the craggy shores, lies the Widow, no gentle, suffering woman, but a vast rock that only at high tide is sufficiently covered to permit small-boats to pass and then only in calm weather. Shortly after the turn of the tide the current jutting away from the island sweeps directly over the rock. On days without wind the swells slide over it greasily and, receding, suck round its seaweed-covered top, producing a choking sigh, horrible to hear, and so human that the rock received the name of the "Widow." On calm days the Widow sighs; on stormy days she shrieks. But no matter what the weather, she is deadly to any boat that comes too close. For as the swells sweep over they form fearful eddies that swirl this way and that, fifty yards to each side, throwing whatever they catch from one to another until it finally crashes against the solid rock. Driftwood beats against it for hours, is cast forth, whirled about, drawn back, until the flood tide brings release—to the splinters.

Jed's face was white as he struggled against the current. His one chance was to clear the whirlpools at one side, but another, louder sigh told him that he was too late. For a moment his arms were numb as he

fought against his fear; then he whirled the dory round and headed straight for the sighs. The fog from which came the choking gurgles seemed to grow more dense.

"You have your ears, Jeddie." Old Jed's voice seemed to ring in Young Jed's ears as he rowed straight ahead.

At the very centre of the Widow there is a slight depression perhaps six feet wide—a groove running from one side to the other. Over it at certain heights of the tide the swells roll unbreaking to merge beyond into deep water where slight eddies do not menace. Elsewhere are hungry rock and the fatal maelstrom that yields its prey only once in twelve hours. In the history of Matinicus, or at least in its recent history, only one man had traversed the Widow and lived.

"I come in on a roller, aimed her straight and prayed. 'Twarn't no fun, an' I ain't a prayin' man."

The explanation visibly impressed the man's hearers with the terrors of such a moment. But then it had been a clear day; now the fog was shutting in closer and closer. Jed could not see his oars. A coughing sigh followed by a muffled bubbling and sucking sounded only a few yards ahead. Whispers seemed to come out of the mist. Another sigh; the dory quivered and started to swing. Jed held it straight and pushed back with his oars. At that moment the grandfather of all codfish gave a desperate flop.

"Pr'aps I ain't so lucky, ol' boy," muttered Jed through clenched teeth.

He was listening, straining his ears to catch the slightest change of note in all that hushed turmoil. Not close enough, a little to the left, not too far—a sigh, almost from beneath the boat—gurglings—the swell rose—

"Now!" Jed took two or three violent strokes. The dory seemed to whisk out of his grasp; the bow slewed, but he managed to turn it back. He held himself rigid with eyes closed. A slight grating; Jed's heart leaped; then his oars caught the water in mighty strokes. A gurgling sigh rose behind, more despairing than ever. The Widow had missed her prey.

Towards midday a motor dory chugged into Matinicus Harbor. An industrious breeze had dispelled the fog and was struggling with the never-ending smell of dead fish. A group of fishermen gazed idly at the boat as it drifted to the wharf.

"Bit late, Jed, ain't you?" one of them drawled.

Then his eyes lit on the fish and on one fish in particular. His jaw moved up and down, but he uttered no word. The others gathered round and also stared silently.

"Signin' for your boat t'night, Sam," said Jed.

He calmly hoisted the huge codfish to his shoulder and swung it to the wharf. A dozen pairs of eyes followed the fish, almost unbelieving. Finally Sam spoke:

"The boat's yours, Jed, and you do be lucky t' catch him the last day."

"You bet," was all Jed said, but no one knew how very lucky he felt himself to be.



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER



INTERNATIONAL



Stephen G. Porter  
United States representative at the Opium  
Conference in Geneva

## FACT AND COMMENT

MERELY MEMORIZING facts will not help you much. You must analyze them, meditate on them, weigh them. Facts, like food, must be digested.

No Talent comes Full-fledged; from  
Birdland winging.  
The Birds before their Concerts practice  
Singing.

A MEANDERING STREAM usually seeks the path of least resistance. A man who follows that path is likely to take on the chief characteristics of the stream—which are shallowness and crookedness.

TELEPHONE LINEMEN have their troubles. Bears, it seems, sometimes mistake the humming of the wires for the humming of bees, climb the poles in search of honey and by smashing glass insulators cause a short circuit. Gray squirrels bite the lead cables and leave deep holes where moisture may gather and temporarily disrupt the service. Woodpeckers injure uprights and crossbars with their stout bills, and wasps, beetles and field mice also make work for the linemen.

FRANCE HAS ORDERED that an immense tract in its possessions in southern waters be set aside as a sanctuary for game. The places to be protected are Kerguelen Island, the Crozet Archipelago, the islands of St. Paul and New Amsterdam and the stretch of coast of the antarctic continent known as Adélie Land. The principal creatures that will be protected are seals and penguins, which are on the verge of becoming extinct, polar bears, walruses and sea lions. The French naval station in Madagascar will be responsible for patrolling the new preserve.

CHINESE JUNKS, at least those of the Yellow Sea, are thought to be the oldest seagoing vessels in the world. The junks are highly decorated and have tall poops and rounded sides. "A junk," says an English writer, "will not heave to, and John Chinaman is fully aware of it. He doesn't try; he lets his halyards go with a run, and the sail is off his vessel in a moment. The high poop acts as a riding mizzen and brings him head to wind; the low bow prevents him from falling off the wind. If the blow is likely to last, he lays out a sea anchor. His next procedure is to burn a joss-stick and probably a few pieces of paper to his household god."

THE JANITOR OF A BANK, a negro who for sixteen years had been faithful and honest, suddenly yielded to temptation and took five bundles of bills, each of which contained five hundred dollars. When caught he confessed that while he was sweeping behind the teller's desk he had found the bundles on the floor, and that instead of putting them back on the desk from which he knew they had fallen he had put them into his pocket. What was it that made him do it? It was not the size of the sum, for he was used to seeing much more money than that. It was not a pressing need for money, for his tastes were few and simple. The thing that did it, as he himself admitted, was that the money was "just lying about" out of place. Had it been

neatly arranged on the desk he never would have taken it.

## THE OPIUM CONFERENCE

IT is unfortunate that the international conference at Geneva, which was called to take measures to control and limit the production of opium, should have been disturbed by so much hot, not to say ill-natured, discussion. At the time we write there is a chance that the differences that have risen between two groups of nations, one led by the American, the other by the British, delegates, may be composed, and that some workable plan for stopping the excessive production of opium may issue; but the chance is not so good as we wish it were, and a regrettable amount of bad feeling has certainly been engendered by the debates.

The American plan, which Mr. Porter, our chief representative, presented as soon as the conference met last November, proposed that the countries or colonies that now permit opium to be imported should agree to decrease the amount by ten per cent each year until at the end of a decade all imports except those for medicinal use should be forbidden. During those ten years all nations should estimate precisely what amounts of the drug are needed as medicines, and the opium-growing countries should arrange to forbid any production beyond those amounts.

The British delegates, led by Viscount Cecil, opposed our plan from the first and were generally supported by the delegates from India, France and Holland. Their position was that in the Oriental countries and in the Oriental colonies of Great Britain, France and Holland the use of opium is so firmly established that the traffic cannot be effectually stopped so long as China, under the rule of many unscrupulous factions, is steadily producing great amounts of the drug. There is no power in China, they said, strong enough to control the growing of opium. Such a plan as the United States suggests would lead only to a tremendous amount of international smuggling. "It could not be properly enforced," they said, "and rather than pass an idealistic decree that cannot be enforced we prefer to depend on the efforts of each nation to restrict the evil within its own borders."

It is worth observing that almost all the nations that neither grow opium nor possess opium-using colonies were ready and eager to adopt the American plan. Moreover, Mr. Sze, who represents China, was warmly in favor of it, and Mahatma Gandhi sent a message from India in high approval of it. Those who supported the American plan were inclined to accuse the opposite party of being willing to delay any real effort to curb the opium traffic in order to keep the revenue that the imports of opium now yield. Viscount Cecil indignantly denied that Great Britain was influenced by any such sordid argument. But there was strong suspicion at Geneva that some of the governments that do profit financially by the importation of opium are in no hurry to see the traffic wholly wiped out.

Although Mr. Sze approved the American proposal, he had to admit that the local rulers in many Chinese provinces were openly encouraging the growth of opium. It is said that some of them punish and even execute farmers who refuse to raise poppies. That is the most discouraging fact about the present situation. Intelligent and high-minded Chinese deplore it, but the lack of a strong and honest central government makes a reform hopeless at present.

It may be that the conference will not be able to agree on any efficacious plan for removing the menace, but it is encouraging to see that the nations clearly understand the nature of the evil and are moving steadily if slowly toward controlling it.

## HAZARDS IN GAMES

THERE is almost no outdoor game or sport of any value in which there is not some element of physical risk. Tennis and golf come nearest to being exceptions to the rule, yet even participants in those games sometimes meet with injuries—sprained ankles, wrenched knees, blows from carelessly swung clubs or carelessly driven balls. Those two games, however, are unlike baseball, football and hockey in that they do not involve sharp bodily collision between contending players. In games in

which the element or the hazard of personal collision is always present rules have been formulated to minimize the risk of serious injury. Unless those rules are observed what should be a game of skill and speed degenerates into a contest of unscrupulous brutality.

Baseball and football with rare exceptions are now clean sports. Those players whose native instinct of sportsmanship is not sufficiently strong to insure their good conduct on the field learn quickly that foul play is unprofitable. Umpires and referees have a proper conception of their responsibilities and see to it that the rules are obeyed.

Not always has so satisfactory a condition prevailed. Lawlessness and poor sportsmanship were rampant at one time both in baseball and in football. Every game that is characterized by rough, vigorous action has apparently to go through a gradually refining process. Rules and standards of sportsmanship and conduct are set up in the beginning, but actual observance and enforcement of them are the outgrowth of long experience and tradition.

Hockey is younger in this country than either baseball or football, and it has not yet attained their maturity of experience and tradition. It has rules and standards as they have, but the standards are imperfectly observed and the rules are far from being rigidly enforced. Played lawlessly as it too often is, hockey becomes a brutal and degrading spectacle; played as it should be played, it is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of skill, speed and endurance that athletes can give. It is to be hoped that it will soon outgrow its period of rowdyish youth.

## ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES, whose series of articles, *Animal Heroes of the Great War*, begins in the next number of *The Companion*, died on January 21 after a painful illness of several months. He wrote the final article of the series when he was suffering severe pain and was aware that he had but a short time to live.

From his childhood days in India, where he was born, he had been a lover and student of animals. Twenty-five years ago he started the campaign that resulted in saving the American bison from extinction. He enlisted the aid of Theodore Roosevelt in that movement, raised money, bought bison and prevailed upon the government to set aside reservations for the animals. After he had accomplished that work he turned his attention to the needs of smaller creatures; and for a great part of his life he strove to awaken in people a more acute and sensitive interest in birds. It was he that started the bird-club movement that resulted in widely extending the knowledge of the usefulness of birds and of the measures that might be taken to protect them and care for them; many a young ornithologist owes—whether he is aware of it or not—his opportunities for bird study to the work done by Ernest Harold Baynes.

During the Great War Baynes worked under the auspices of the Blue Cross Society and visited all the fronts. He acquired a more comprehensive knowledge of the use made of animals in the war than that possessed by any other man, and he was at work on a history of their war service when he was stricken by the illness that caused his death. How valuable a contribution to war history that book would have been readers of his forthcoming articles in *The Companion* will have an opportunity to judge.

## WOMEN GOVERNORS

JANUARY 20 was a great day in Austin, Texas. No inconsiderable part of the population of the state had journeyed to the capital to see Mrs. Miriam Ferguson inaugurated as governor. "Ma" Ferguson, as her supporters affectionately call her, just missed the distinction of being the first woman governor. Mrs. Ross of Wyoming was inaugurated a few days earlier. But after all Texas is a good deal bigger state than Wyoming, and, moreover, the circumstances that attended Mrs. Ferguson's nomination and election have made her something of a national figure.

Though some persons at the inauguration interpreted the valedictory remarks of Governor Neff as being in veiled criticism of Mrs. Ferguson's husband, who has himself been governor of Texas, and whose removal

from that office by the legislature first induced his wife to enter politics to work for his vindication, the ceremonies passed off smoothly. No one was other than courteous and congratulatory toward Mrs. Ferguson, and there was great interest and no little enthusiasm when she took the oath of office and delivered her address.

Let it be said at once that Mrs. Ferguson made an excellent, not to say distinguished, impression. She talked simply and well. There was a noticeable lack of political buncombe and high-flown oratory in what she said. She seems to be a sensible woman who knows what she thinks about things and can give sensible reasons for her opinions. She is as exigent for economy in government as the President is. She wants the liquor law enforced, but by local officials with the support of the community behind them rather than by the state police. She wants the "bootleg" drug store where illicit sales of liquor are made put out of business. She wants lighter taxation of automobiles, but recommends a higher tax on gasoline. She wants to have a good-sized tax put on cigars and cigarettes and to use the proceeds for better schools and better-paid teachers. It is not certain that the legislature will follow her leadership, but it cannot refuse to follow it because her suggestions are impractical. Mrs. Ferguson's feet are planted firmly on the ground. She is of the "sensible" and not of the "visionary" type of woman.

Her responsibility—and that of Mrs. Ross—is perhaps greater than the responsibility of any future woman governor will be, for besides the personal responsibility that these women have toward the states they are to govern they have a sort of duty toward their sex. Women in important public office are still something of a novelty. Many voters of the old-fashioned sort are not yet sure what to think of it all. If these women governors prove their ability to manage the affairs of their states not only honestly but prudently and skillfully, they will do a great deal to encourage other women to stand for office and other communities to elect them. It will not be hard for Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Ross to do as well as the usual run of masculine governors, but we expect them to do better.

## THE MEAT-PACKING SITUATION

EARLY in 1923, Armour & Company bought the physical properties of Morris & Company and thus united the second and third largest meat packing concerns of the country. The Secretary of Agriculture had already warned them that the merger would be a violation of the packers and stock-yards act, which forbids a packer to engage in any transaction in restraint of trade or tending toward monopolizing the meat-packing industry. An investigation is now going on to determine whether the purchase is actually resulting—or is likely to result—in monopoly.

A peculiar interest attaches to this case, first, because the packing industry is one of the largest in the country—in fact it is the largest when measured by the value of its product; second, because it was already highly concentrated, since the bulk of the business is done by five companies commonly called the "big five," Swift, Armour, Morris, Wilson and Cudahy; third, because of the conditions under which meat animals are marketed. Those conditions are so peculiar as to require explanation.

Although every section of the country both produces and consumes some meat, there are large areas, most of them west of the Mississippi River, that produce more than they need, and other large areas, most of them on the Atlantic seaboard, that produce less than they need. The regions of surplus production are so far from the centres of consumption that meat must be shipped long distances. It is cheaper to ship it in refrigerator cars than in the form of live animals. Accordingly, the slaughtering and packing business is concentrated, first in Chicago, and then in a line of cities near the border between the corn belt and the grazing areas. Outside Chicago the largest of the packing centres are situated on the Missouri River or near it; that is, at East St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Sioux City. Fort Worth and St. Paul also have large packing houses. Almost all the cattle and sheep from the West and a considerable proportion of the hogs have to find their way



to Eastern markets through those packing centres where the "big five" do most of the packing business. Consequently the Western producers look with concern if not with alarm on any further concentration of the packing business.

The Western producer of meat animals is in a peculiarly helpless condition with respect to the market. He must sell his animals when they are ready to sell, because if he keeps them longer he is likely to meet with loss. He must order his cars several days in advance, and when the cars are ready he must ship his animals regardless of the condition of the market on that day. When his animals reach the stock yards in any great packing centre he must sell on that day because it costs too much to hold them over; they must be fed, and they may go "off condition" and become less salable. Owing to his helpless condition, he regards it as of the utmost importance that competitive buying should be preserved in stock yards. Those are among the reasons that led the Secretary of Agriculture to forbid the purchase of the Morris company by the Armour company.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

### THE DEPARTMENT PAGES

appear in this number. Read them and notice the variety of the topics, their interest for all members of the family, the clearness and accuracy of the directions they give. They appear monthly and are supplemented from time to time with special sections on radio, on athletics and on other topics as timely and of as universal interest. The pages have great intrinsic value: whether young or old, boy or girl, man or woman, you will want to follow them throughout the year.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



### CURRENT EVENTS

ACCORDING to the official returns 29,138,935 persons voted for President last November. That is a little more than fifty-one per cent of those who might have voted if they had chosen to register, though it is probably at least seventy per cent of those who did register and were therefore entitled to vote. Indiana, Rhode Island and West Virginia were the three states that cast the largest proportion of votes. In all of them more than seventy per cent of the eligible voters went to the polls. South Carolina brings up the rear. Only six per cent of its adult population took the trouble to vote.

THIRTEEN state legislatures having refused to ratify the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, that measure is for the present rejected. Those who advocate it intend, however, to continue the fight for it. There is no limitation on the time within which states can ratify it.

THE extent to which the United States is becoming the financier of Europe is indicated by the amount of money we lend every year to the governments and to the business corporations of the Old World. In 1924 we lent at least \$1,208,438,394 to Europe, about a billion of it to national or municipal governments. It is doubtful whether all our foreign financial investments before the war were so large as the sum we lent in the one year 1924.

MR. CARTER, having settled his disagreement with the Egyptian government, has reopened the tomb of Tutankhamun. He found nothing disturbed, but

unfortunately the beautiful funeral pall that covered the sarcophagus, the only relic of the kind ever recovered from the Egyptian tombs, was nearly ruined. The pall had been removed from the tomb, and the Egyptian officials would not permit any further care to be taken of it than to cover it with canvas as it lay on the sand. The exposure was fatal to it.

ASTRONOMERS and lay observers got a remarkably fine view of the recent total eclipse in the region east of Buffalo, though west of that city there was much cloudiness. It will take the astronomers some months to collate and interpret their most important observations. It may be mentioned, however, that the moon, erratic as usual, arrived at the point of total eclipse four or five seconds late, and that experimenters in radio found that the conditions during the eclipse were rather favorable than otherwise to the reception of radio vibrations.

M. HERRIOT has stirred up French politics by announcing that he means to discontinue the French embassy at the Vatican. The party to which the Premier belongs has always been inclined to be hostile to the Roman Catholic Church, which it believes to be unfriendly to the Republic; and in his speech on the matter M. Herriot appealed to the national feeling of the Chamber by accusing the papal court of undue friendliness to Germany during the war. M. Briand, the former Premier, who is regarded as the most likely successor to M. Herriot whenever that statesman has to step down, hastened to criticize the Premier's policy. He believed that it would be a mistake for France to withdraw from diplomatic relations with Rome, especially just as it had established such relations with Russia. Religion still plays an important part in French politics; it is the free-thinking part of the nation that is opposed to the loyal Catholics. Protestants are not numerous enough in France to be of much political importance.

MR. ASQUITH is hereafter to be a peer of Great Britain. The title of Earl of Oxford has been revived for him. His "elevation" to the House of Lords, which he resisted as long as there seemed to be any political future for him, marks his retirement from the active leadership of the Liberal party. Mr. Lloyd George will no doubt succeed to that distinction, though he is by no means *persona grata* to the entire party.

JAPAN and Russia have resumed diplomatic relations. So far as we can see the bargain was Japanese recognition of the soviet for valuable oil and coal concessions on the island of Saghalien. Since Japan got something distinctly worth while in return for recognizing the soviet government, the relations are much more likely to be permanent than are the relations between Russia and Great Britain and between Russia and France. Great Britain and France got nothing much and exposed themselves to an amount of revolutionary propaganda that may end by upsetting all the arrangements that M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald respectively made with Moscow.

THOSE who heard President Coolidge's speech to the budget conference, as it was broadcast by radio, may have thought that he insisted to the point of tediousness on the necessity of economy and reducing taxes; but when we come to consider what has really happened in the last ten years we begin to realize that it is high time some one in authority began to preach economy. At the end of 1912 the public debt of the United States, including not only the national debt but that of the various states, counties and municipalities, was \$4,850,460,000. At the end of 1922 it was \$30,845,626,000. Of course the greatest part of this tremendous increase was caused by our lavish expenditures for the war, but the debts of the states increased threefold in the decade, and the debts of the cities more than doubled. The Census Bureau, which furnishes the figures, adds that the citizen of Oregon bore the heaviest burden of public debt, and that the dweller in the District of Columbia bore the lightest. Including both national and local debts, the Oregon taxpayer is under a burden of \$374 for every member of his family.

## Try this — three mornings for a better day's work

	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150
Man at moderate work															
Man at hard work															
Sedentary worker															

This chart shows the difference in relative food requirements of persons of different occupations as calculated for the Department of Agriculture. A man in full vigor at moderate work has been selected as the unit for comparison and assigned the value 100. Notice how much less the sedentary worker requires—yet too often his diet is the same as that of the moderate or even hard worker!



"MORNING hours are best for work"—you have doubtless heard this all your life.

Why is it then, you sometimes feel dull and sluggish in the morning—just when you ought to be at your best mentally and physically?

Nutrition authorities tell us that 9 times out of 10 the reason we can't get shifted into high gear early in the day is—breakfast!

What kind of a breakfast do you eat? Upon this meal depends much of your morning efficiency.

### Why you do not need a heavy breakfast

Your body has rested during the night; it is not in vital need of food. You eat a hearty, heavy breakfast—then sit at a desk all day. What happens?

You have put an unfair burden upon digestion. All the energy you should have for mental work is being wasted in digesting food which your body really does not need. No wonder you feel tired and dull!

### Try this 3-morning test

What you need is simple, easily digested food in moderate amount—food which will supply you with abundant energy.

Here is a 3-morning test which will prove to you how a simple energy-breakfast will prime you for the day's run.

Cream of Wheat!—An old favorite food, rich in energy-nourishment and so easily and quickly digested! Just try it for three mornings and see how much more "fit" you are for the day's work.

Cream of Wheat, you know, is one of the very richest energy foods. Made of the best hard wheat, it is extremely high in carbohydrates which mean energy units.

It is a very easy food to digest. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins in the mouth and is quickly finished without taxing the stomach.

Note the three model breakfast menus suggested by noted diet authorities. Follow them for just three mornings and you will never again go back to the old heavy breakfast habit.

Delicious to eat, easy to

digest—yet so nourishing and satisfying, with ample energy to last the morning through! This is the great combined advantage which Cream of Wheat offers—an advantage not so often found in other foods. Give the Cream of Wheat breakfast a trial; start tomorrow morning.

### First morning

Oranges  
CREAM OF WHEAT Sugar—Milk  
Milk Toast Coffee or Cocoa

### Second morning

CREAM OF WHEAT with PRUNES  
Milk  
Omelet or Bacon Toast—Butter  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Third morning

CREAM OF WHEAT with Baked Apple  
Milk  
Buttered Toast Bacon  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Send for booklet

#### 50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat

There are endless ways to serve Cream of Wheat. Enjoy its rich, creamy flavor blended with fruit—chopped dates, prunes, raisins, figs; or Southern style, with butter and salt. Our recipe booklet gives 50 delicious ways to serve it. Send for it and special booklet on feeding children; both are free

Cream of Wheat Company  
Dept. 142, Minneapolis, Minnesota

- ☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
- ☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
- ☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....



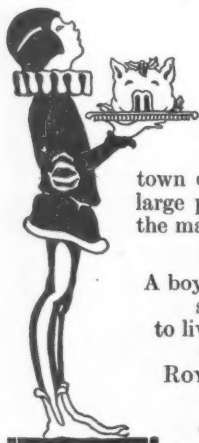
# Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota  
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg



## THE ROYAL TASTER OF PUDDINGS

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



AS Nicholas was strolling through the town one day he saw a large placard posted in the market place:

**WANTED**  
A boy or a girl with a  
sweet tooth  
to live at the palace  
and be the  
ROYAL TASTER OF  
PUDDINGS

"The very thing for me!" cried Nicholas, who was so fond of puddings that only with the greatest difficulty could he be persuaded to eat anything else—except candy or cake. "I will apply at once for the position."

He went straight to the palace, and, as there could be no doubt that he had a sweet tooth, he was hired on the spot. He found his new occupation even more delightful than he had expected it to be.

In order to be sure that the King's pudding should be ready by dinner time the cook prepared it early in the morning and always filled a small dish for Nicholas at the same time. The boy was expected to eat it, and, if he found it fit for the King, the pudding was served at the royal table. If he did not think it good enough, the pudding was thrown to the pigs, and the cook was obliged to prepare another.

With the prospect of a tempting dish of pudding early in the morning, Nicholas

found it quite unnecessary to eat any breakfast, and cereals he had always disliked anyway; so that by the time the pudding was ready he had a fine appetite.

The first morning the pudding smelled so delicious and was so full of plums that Nicholas was tempted to eat it all at once, but he knew that, if he appeared to like it too well, he could not pronounce it unfit for the King. So he tasted it critically and lingered over every mouthful. When he had finished it he pushed away the dish with a wry face.

"Would you set such a pudding as that before the King?" he demanded scornfully. "He will not be able to eat a mouthful of it!"

That was quite true, for Nicholas carried it to the window and tossed it out to the pigs.

The cook was obliged to make another, and Nicholas must eat a dishful of that too.

Now it happened that the King was exacting in his taste for puddings, as Nicholas found out before he had been at the palace long. Many a time, when the boy pronounced a pudding excellent the King would order it back to the kitchen. Then His Majesty would have to go without a pudding, and Nicholas would have to eat it all as a punishment. At first, it was far from a punishment, but by the time Nicholas had spent some weeks at the palace, he began to grow a little bit tired of puddings.

DRAWN BY  
HILLIE CHAPMAN

I like summer time,  
And I like fall,  
But I like winter  
The very best of all.

Then you can snowshoe,  
Then you can skate;  
And when you go tobogganing  
You sit up very late!

## WINTER TIME

By Pringle Barret



Fires in the sitting room,  
Apples in the hall;  
I like winter time  
The very best of all.

## A BOY I KNOW

By Ladd Frisby Morse

*A boy I know can do wonderful things;  
He can play the tune that the blue-bird sings*

*On a willow whistle he made himself  
And keeps in a cup on the pantry shelf.*

*He can make a world where the fairies float  
On a silver stream, in a rainbow boat;*

*And he does it all with a pipe of clay  
That he bought for a cent at the store today.*

## DOLLS By Gamaliel Bradford

DRAWN BY MAY AIKEN



*Grown people laugh at dolls,  
and call  
It childishness to play  
With dainty little creatures all  
A dismal rainy day.*

*Grown people hurry to and fro  
And bustle in and out;  
And I should really like to know  
What it is all about.*

*Grown people's bureau drawers are packed  
With pretty folderols;  
But when they get them on they act  
A good deal like our dolls.*

*They sometimes do the things they ought,  
But sometimes fret and fuss.*

*Grown people, I have often thought,  
Are very much like us.*

his guests that it was indeed good to eat. All went well until the puddings were served. A dozen footmen carried them into the banquet hall and the King tasted each in turn, but when he tasted the last he flew into a blustering rage.

"Such puddings as these are not fit for the dogs!" he cried. "Carry them back to the kitchen, every one! The Royal Taster of Puddings shall eat them all!"

The guests dared not ask for so much as a crumb of one of them, and the whole dozen were set before poor Nicholas. In vain he pleaded that he could not eat them and declared that he would not and begged that he himself might be thrown to the pigs. The King would have no mercy. The boy must eat the puddings or leave the palace at once.

"Then leave it I will!" cried Nicholas, and he sprang for the door. Before anyone could utter another word he was out of sight.

When he reached home, his mother was overjoyed to see him and would have made a pudding for him at once, but Nicholas stopped her.

"If you please, dear mother, I wish never to see another pudding. There is nothing I should like better to eat than a slice of bread and butter."

## INVITATION

By Clara Alexander

I've been thinking  
That I should go  
Down to the brook  
Where the buttercups grow.

If you would like to  
And if you are good,  
You may go along with me  
Down to the wood.

I haven't anything  
To do all day  
But go to the brook  
Where the fishes play.

Nurse has a holiday,  
And I have too.  
I'm going far away,  
And I'll take you

Off through the garden,  
Over the hill;  
We may see a fairy queen  
If we keep still.

Do you think you'd like to?  
I'll be good  
If you'll go along with me  
Down to the wood.



## THE OLD COACH

Alice E. Allen



If Washington's great coach should pass  
Down through New York today  
With dashing horses, four or six,  
Each one a handsome bay,

What would it think of trolley cars  
And taxis honking loud,  
Of trucks, sedans and limousines  
And all the noisy crowd?

There would be scarce a landmark left;  
How lost 'twould feel and strange  
Since Seventeen and Eighty-nine  
To find such wondrous change!

But if that coach of Washington  
Passed through New York today,  
Quite round in shape, of yellow hue,  
All trimmed with Cupids gay,

New York might stop perhaps to stare  
And cry, "Oh, what a climb  
Our town has made since those old days  
In saving strength and time!"

But as upon its way it drove  
Or steamed or sailed or flew  
In all its crowds there'd be no man  
Like one the old coach knew.

Perhaps we've saved in time and strength  
Too much. It can be done.  
It takes so much of both these things  
To make one Washington!

## STRONGER THAN DEATH

IN the British House of Commons there was revealed recently a story of comprehending friendship fit to stand beside that of David and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias or of Carlyle and John Stuart Mill.

During the recent struggle in Ireland two life-long bosom friends, Mr. O'Higgins and Mr. Rory O'Connor, were led by their political convictions into rival camps. O'Higgins accepted the Free State treaty and eventually became Minister for Home Affairs in the new government. O'Connor thought the men who accepted the treaty were traitors to their country.

Subsequently Rory O'Connor was arrested, charged with being implicated in fortifying and defending the Four Courts in Dublin, as a result of which action many lives were lost. The minister found himself face to face with the duty of condemning to death his old friend, who had been best man at his wedding. The spirit of justice said, "Your friend must die." The heart of the friend pleaded, "Save him!"

After a terrible experience the spirit of justice conquered, and O'Higgins signed the death warrant. As the end drew near it was he that suffered the greater agony. Yet what could he do? There were no extenuating circumstances.

Rory O'Connor met his punishment unflinchingly, proud to die a martyr for his country. He had no word of reproach for O'Higgins; and when his will was read it was found that he had left all his money to the friend by whose order he had died!

What an idyl of duty, friendship and understanding charity!

## A LESSON FROM THE WEEDS

THREE days, writes a contributor, I spent in the meadow, uprooting the few small weeds and cutting down the many large ones. The third day I hated to brave the intense heat of the sun, but I thought, "These weeds must go now, or their seeds will spread, and then next year—" I rushed feverishly on with my work.

When the weeds were nearly all gone and I was mopping my perspiring face and dragging myself wearily to the house to go through the ordeal of washing with laundry soap as a precaution against poison ivy a thought came to me. It was not original, but it was important. If I had obeyed my impulse to clean up the weeds four weeks before, I could have finished the job in two hours. Then a brief trip in August to catch the late comers would have sufficed for the season.

When the weeds were little I was stronger than they. When they were old and tough my struggle with them was at best a drawn battle. Most of them were burnt in the fire I made, but I was sunburnt almost to agony. Besides, I ached in every limb, and my head was aching till I thought it would split.

May the weeds rest in peace. They taught me a lesson that my first speller in vain tried to teach me—that "a stitch in time saves nine."

They were efficient school-teachers. My good friends, the weeds, said: "Pull up a young weed, taking root and all; it will not live to grow tough and tall."

The application is obvious:  
"Pull up a fault while it's young and tender;  
It will not become an old offender."

## THE PLUM PUDDING

ACCORDING to tradition all Englishmen love plum pudding. Just what is in that dish that gives it its place in the English diet no one has determined, but the Englishman's liking for it is probably owing to the hardy spirit of the race.

There is a remarkable story about the English plum pudding that Mr. Edward Whiting tells in the Boston Herald. It begins in a printing shop in a Western town years ago. One of the printers was an Englishman, a man of engaging character except for a tiresome disposition to boast incessantly of the cooking of his homeland and to bewail the cooking on this side of the Atlantic. When the Christmas season approached the Englishman fairly beamed with pleasurable anticipation. He was to have a genuine old-fashioned plum pudding sent him from the old country. At last he would have a decent meal. A few days before Christmas a box came for him, and he took it to the privacy of his little home.

By that time his mates were in a mood for revenge. So one night they gathered in secret, and in the composing room they concocted a mess in which they put ground-up ink rollers, shredded towel, bits of type and such other odds and ends as they could collect, binding the mass with printers' ink. They placed it all in a bag, heated it so that it ran together into a shapely mass and took it to the Englishman's home. One of the number had inveigled him away for an hour. In his absence they abstracted the treasured plum pudding and in its place left their abominable concoction.

The time for the Englishman's solitary feast arrived. The others gathered in anticipatory glee outside his window and peeped in. With them they had the genuine pudding; they intended to rush in and restore the real article as soon as he had tackled the ink pudding. They would not break his heart. So they crouched and watched as he cut off a mouthful and swallowed it.

The gloating of the watchers never began. The Englishman cut off another mouthful and swallowed it. He ate the whole pudding. The watchers slunk away. And the next day the Englishman boasted that he had had his first good meal since he came to this country.

There was only one thing left to do. The printers met a second time by night in the seclusion of the printing shop. They undid the Englishman's pudding and melted it. They strained out the plums, and of the rest of the pudding they cast a set of ink rollers, which may, for all we know, still be in use.

## NANCY HART, PATRIOT

AMERICANS cherish the names of many brave women whose deeds are among the most picturesque episodes in the heroic period of our national history. Not the least of them is Nancy Hart of Revolutionary fame. The Rev. George White in his Historical Collections of Georgia describes her as a woman with peculiar eyes, but not, as many have said, cross-eyed. She was six feet tall, muscular and erect, and was afraid of nothing.

One evening while she was making soap and entertaining her children by telling stories she saw the face of a man who she knew was a spy peering in at a crack in the logs. She continued to talk and stir the soap. The face vanished; a few minutes later when it appeared again a ladle of boiling soap hit the spot. A blood-curdling scream rose outside, and Nancy rushed out and bound her prisoner, the while taunting him with spying on a poor woman.

A band of armed Tories called on Nancy one day and demanded a meal. Her timid husband—the "poor stick," she used to call him—had long since departed for the canebrakes and safety. Mrs. Hart spread out a feast of venison, hock and fresh honey. When she called the Tories to it they stacked their arms and rushed to the table. Quick as a flash Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it and threatened to blow out the brains of the first man who offered to rise or taste a mouthful of food.

"Go," said she to one of her sons, "and tell the Whigs I have taken six base Tories."

Hungry, tired and frightened, the six men sat and looked alternately at the smoking viands and the Amazon who towered over them. There they sat until the men for whom Nancy had sent came and secured them.

At still another time a party of Tories came to Nancy's door, demanding food, and she informed them that their villainous companions had taken all the pigs and chickens, and she had left only "that old turkey gobbler you see strutting out there."

One of the men raised his gun and shot the gobbler. "And that you shall cook for us," he said.

Assisted by her daughter, a sturdy twelve-year-old girl, Nancy prepared the meal. She sent the little girl to the spring to bring water, having instructed her to blow certain blasts upon a rude conch shell to notify the

neighbors of the presence of the hated Tories.

The party had a jug with them and soon became merry over its contents. Their arms were left a little distance from them, but in full view. Mrs. Hart had to pass frequently between them and their muskets, and none observed her movements. Cautiously she removed some of the chinking in the log house and as she went about her work slipped two of the guns out of the opening she had made. As she was putting out the third gun the men saw her, but quick as lightning she swung the gun to her shoulder and threatened to shoot. One who was a little bolder than the others strode forward. She fired, and he lay dead at the feet of his companions.

The little girl now returned and calmly announced, "Father and the men will soon be here."

The Tories rushed toward the remaining arms, but Mrs. Hart fired again from another gun, and a second Tory joined his companion on the floor. She held the rest of the party until the arrival of her husband and the neighbors. Then she demanded that the others be hanged. They were.

Years later an old man pointed out the decaying cabin where Nancy Hart had lived and died. "Poor old Nancy," he said. "She was a honey of a patriot, but a vixen of a wife."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Ivy Kellerman Reed  
(Something to read aloud)

Young George sea cured a hatchet small,  
A chop purr of sum sort.  
(A sharp edge dimple meant, at least,  
The reck chords awl reap port.)

Then on a fare and sonny morn  
This buoy we awl add mire  
Was cent out sighted two runabout,  
By his inn dull gent sire.

He went forthwith his danger us toy,  
And roamed awl ore thee place,  
Till he bee held writ buy his sighted  
Thee thing heed fawn deface.

A cherry tree, know more, know less,  
Inn sighted hymn too sin!  
He razed his hatchet inn thee heir,  
Then sank it rash lee inn.

Withal his mile he chopped a weigh,  
Until 'twas all most threw;  
Butt owe, joust as it top pulled ore,  
His pay rent came inn view!

Heed herd sum how what haddock erred,  
And when heed seen thee tree,  
He seamed tree mend us lee up set,  
As any one wood bee.

Inn axe scents ell oak went he's poke,  
That tree had bin his pried;  
And George, regretting awl heed dun,  
Stood still their while he cried.

"Eye did it, Sir, eye can knot ly!"  
He walet at last, inn shame,  
And lo! That little frays has lived  
Too add two George's fame!

## HIS WIFE WAS HIS MEMORY

YOUR story of the absent-minded minister, writes a contributor, reminds me of a minister whom I knew in a little Wisconsin town many years ago. He had a wretched memory, but for all that he was nothing less than a saint.

His absent-mindedness was chronic. He seldom could remember his text, and, being averse to notes, he depended on his good wife to come to his rescue. He would lean over the pulpit and say, "What was my text for today, my dear?"

She would tell him, and he would then proceed to preach a fine sermon from it.

One Sunday after the singing of the second hymn he opened his Bible and, leaning down, made the usual request: "My text for today, my dear?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," composedly replied his wife. "You forgot to tell me!"

## FILIAL RESPONSIBILITY



"My daddy will be simply furious if you don't leave him an egg spoon for breakfast."  
—A. T. Smith in London Opinion

"Then we shall have an extempore talk based on the First Psalm," he said and proceeded to give it to us.

He always carried his handkerchief folded, shaking it out in the middle of his sermon. One Sunday morning it was not lying on the stand where his wife usually laid it, but he discovered it on a chair. As he became a bit warm during the preaching he shook out what he thought was his clean handkerchief. Two strings waved wildly. He held it up for inspection. It was the baby's bib!

## A COUPLE OF SMART DOGS

AN article in The Companion telling of animals that returned to their homes from great distances reminded a correspondent of two dogs, one a lover of home, the other the slave of duty, both of which made remarkable journeys. The story of the home-loving dog we give first.

A man in northern Indiana, he writes, was going to Iowa with a team. He had a well-trained old dog, but thinking that the long overland trip would be hard for him, traded him to a neighbor for a younger dog. The young dog remained with his new master on the trip across Indiana, across northern Illinois and one day's travel into Iowa, and then he disappeared to appear at his old Indiana home some days later, too footsore and worn to get over the yard fence, which he had surmounted easily before his trip.

It has been a puzzle to me how he recrossed the Mississippi. It had no bridges at that time. He had crossed with the wagon on a ferry on the trip west. A dog is a good swimmer, but to swim the river where he would have had to swim it would require considerable endurance. He may have been a stowaway on a ferry.

The other dog was a well-trained collie, kept on a Kansas farm and accustomed to work every day with a large bunch of cattle. He had been on the place for a long time and was well used and fed by his master and the children. One winter it became necessary to move all the stock eighteen miles away to be fed through the winter. The dog was taken along to help drive the cattle and was then taken home again.

Not long afterwards the dog was missed, and after a few days the man who had the cattle wrote that the dog had returned to his charges and seemed content. He remained through the winter with perfect strangers at a strange place and in the spring returned to his old home with the stock. Evidently the dog thought more of his job than of his home.

## THE WAIT OF IT

IF old Lenny Foskett was anything more than deliberate, he was exasperating. He moved, spoke and lived at his own sweet will, and no one had ever been known to budge him. He came into the village store one morning, threw himself down on the bench in front of the counter and announced that he had just killed his prize hog.

"Guess how much he weighed, boys," he drawled. "Two hundred and seventy-five," ventured one of the loungers.

Lenny shook his head. Others offered suggestions; the guesses grew so brisk that it began to sound like an auction. All sorts of weights were given, but to all of them Lenny merely shook his head. The others began to lose patience. From mere curiosity they began to long passionately to learn the weight of the hog and pass on to another subject.

"Well, for heaven's sake, how much did your old hog weigh?" somebody demanded. "We've guessed every figure possible! How much did he weigh?"

Lenny yawned. "Hi—hum. I dunno," he drawled. "I ain't weighed him yet."

## SHE PITIED THE LION

UNCLE had just returned home from an expedition into Africa after big game, says the Father; he was delighting all the family with stirring tales of adventure in the jungle.

"One of my beaters was so savagely bitten by a lion once," he announced, "that he had to have his arm amputated."

There was a short silence while the information sank in, and then the small daughter of the house said in a sympathetic voice:

"What a pity, uncle; the poor lion might just as well have had it."

## A BIT CATTY

SHE was newly engaged, says the Tatler, and was confiding in her dearest friend.

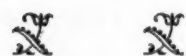
"Do you know, dear," she said, "Tom and I understand each other perfectly. He tells me everything he knows, and I tell him everything I know too."

"Really," exclaimed the friend. "Don't you sometimes find the silence rather oppressive?"





# THE DEPARTMENT PAGES



## SUCCESS IN ATHLETICS

### I. Organizing

**A** BOY who can organize, manage, finance and make a success of a baseball team, a basketball team or a football eleven can win to the front later as a man. The management of athletics affords an excellent training. Some boys are not able, physically, to play in hard games; others lean to mathematics or serious studies and do not care to take actual parts in the sports of court or field. Yet those boys may be the very ones that will make the best managers, for their tastes run to things that fit them to act as critics, to think in figures and to check the enthusiasm of those who do not know what a dollar is worth. On the other hand, some of the best managers are actual players. It all depends upon the boy himself. As a rule, however, the best managers are those who do not play, but devote all their time to planning and managing.

Before organizing, consider what you wish to do in athletics. If your group is small, like the ordinary neighborhood or ward group, you cannot hope to engage in a general programme. You must select some one or two sports and stick to them. If you have a large group to draw upon, you may consider baseball, football, basketball, track and water sports. But remember that a cup or a flag won by a team clever in some one sport is more satisfying than a poor showing made in several sports.

The first thing to do is to call a meeting of a small group, say of four or five boys who have the most energy and influence with other boys in the neighborhood. Have a free discussion. Invite suggestions, bring out opinions, especially as to the talent to be had. Decide whether the sports you are to have are to be special or general; whether you will have just baseball or football or other sports. That settled, let each boy present agree to bring to another meeting as many lively boys as he can. Let each be made to feel that he must bring useful recruits, not slackers.

At the second meeting the club should elect a manager, a treasurer and a secretary. Temptation will be strong at this point to elect a captain of the baseball, basketball or other team, but do not yield to it. Let the players prove themselves as workers for the cause before they receive preferment. Let each feel that he has an equal chance for honors until work and worth have shown which is best fitted to lead in actual play.

The manager should be selected for different qualities from those that the athletes have. It may not hurt a football player to be a bit "talky" or bustling or inclined to make somewhat of a nuisance of himself in rollicking fashion. But the manager must deal not only with the team and other teams but with the public as well. He must canvass for funds, be able to approach some one who has a playground or vacant lot and get the use of it; he must be able to inspire the same sort of confidence that makes a business man liked by his associates. Once you make a boy your manager, support him. He has a hard job ahead of him. He may have to displease you, but if he makes the team successful, he is a good manager.

The secretary should be able to write a neat letter, such as a challenge or an account of games for the newspapers. He should in no case let personal feeling enter into his letters. He may not like the manager or players on another team, but in addressing them, for his own team, he does so as the spokesman for others, and he must keep his personal feelings to himself.

The treasurer should be one who is known to be absolutely honest. The money he will handle is public money, as much as the money paid for taxes is public money. Every cent of the money that the treasurer takes in must be accounted for. Always keep that in mind. Many an athletic group starts off well one year, gets money together for uniforms, makes a fair showing, but is never able to raise money enough again to make a success. Why? Because the money was either spent too lavishly or was not accounted for to the satisfaction of the public. So when the next appeal was made the response was poor.

### COLLECTING THE MONEY

Before appealing for funds, find out how much money you will need. Don't ask for too much, don't ask for too little. Of course a team can start out without regular uniforms. But no matter what you decide upon, face the costs first. Many a promising athletic club or team has been wrecked by trying to start with too small a fund. After a short spurt, such attempts fail and leave a deficit for some one to face. Better overestimate the costs at first. If the public upon which you depend for support will not meet a fair budget, cut down the expense account or abandon the plan altogether. If you can sell tickets or take up collections at games, you can make a start with some desirable things lacking, to be paid for

**WATCH for it. There will appear next week, as a supplement to the Department Pages, a fine special section that is entirely devoted to**

### RADIO

*Questions that any reader wishes to ask will be carefully and promptly answered.*

Address:

THE DEPARTMENT EDITOR  
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
BOSTON, MASS.

later as receipts warrant; but on no account go into debt.

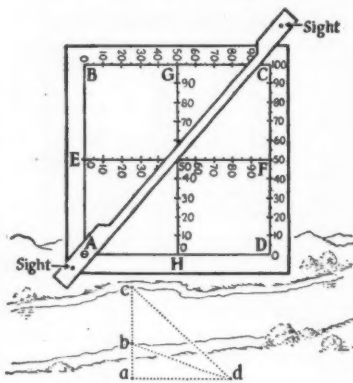
Having determined what money you need, make a plain statement to the public. If you make the appeal through a newspaper, give the reporter or editor the facts. If you decide to send out appeals by mail or have them delivered by boys, make the letter simple and direct—a business letter.

In getting out a circular letter appealing for funds boys very often have some adult friend in a business office who will have the letter typed and mimeographed. Firms that make a business of such work turn out letters for about \$3.50 a hundred copies, with additional copies at a less rate a hundred. It may sound like an extravagance to talk of spending so much money on the appeal, but it will pay. Two hundred copies, which will cost about \$5, delivered by boys who hand them to citizens or place them in mail boxes, will do the work of a dozen personal solicitors working eight hours a day for three days.

On the other hand, you may have some good salesmen or solicitors in your group—boys who have proved their worth in selling or canvassing. If you have, interest them and get them to call on people, and pay them a commission on what they collect. Or divide your group into two teams and let them compete with each other.

But, whatever the method, decide upon it beforehand and stick to it. What that method shall be, only you can decide, after you have studied the local conditions. No matter what method you use, keep the ideal of community service to the front. The team will arouse interest in the community and will attract parents who have boys in their families. The team will make for good health, good morals, good citizenship. Keep those things before the public and you will succeed.

## MEASURING BETWEEN INACCESSIBLE OBJECTS



**A** MEASURING BOARD for determining the distance between two points one or both of which are inaccessible, can be made at a slight cost and, if accurately made, will show the distance on a scale without calculation.

Choose a smooth board about a foot square, screw cleats to the back of it to prevent it from warping and lay off a perfect square, ABCD, with ten-inch sides. Beginning at B and D, divide two of the sides into inches and number toward C, giving each inch a value of ten. Also draw two other lines, EF and GH, bisecting the square, and divide them in the same way.

From a straight piece of hard wood make a ruler an inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick and a little longer than the diagonal of the board. Attach sights near each end. Small brads driven into the wood and filed off till they project upward no more than half an inch will

serve for the sights. The line of sight should be parallel with the ruler and as nearly as possible along the centre of it.

Except for two or three inches at each end trim away one side of the ruler so as to form a central edge along the line through the sights. Bore a small hole through the ruler two inches from one end and by means of a screw through the hole attach the ruler to the board at A so that it can be moved freely across the face of the board.

To get the correct distance between inaccessible objects such as are indicated on the diagram by b and c, or between the accessible object a and either of the others, set up the board at the first point a by placing it on some support that will hold it steady and approximately level. Push the ruler round till the central edge coincides with the line AB and, keeping it there, shift the board till the inaccessible objects b and c are brought into line with the sights on the ruler. Hold the board secure in that position and revolve the ruler round the pivoting screw till the edge lies along the line AD, and at right angles to its previous position. Measure off one hundred feet in the direction of the line of sight and mark the point that is indicated by d on the diagram.

Now take the board to d and orient it by bringing the sights to bear on a while the ruler lies along the line AB. Holding the board secure in that position, move the free end of the ruler till b is brought into line with the sights, and note the reading of the scale where the central edge of the ruler crosses the line BC. If you place d to the left of the line ac, take the sights to b and c along edge AD and make the reading on edge DC. That reading will indicate the distance in feet from the accessible point a to the inaccessible point b.

A reading on c will give its distance from a, and the difference between the readings on b and c will give their distance apart. Thus the distance between any two objects on the same straight line can be determined. In the instance given b is thirty-five feet from a and c is ninety feet, so that the distance between b and c is fifty-five feet.

Two sides of the ten-inch square are graduated so that the base line can be laid either to the right or to the left of the initial point, as the nature of the ground and the intervening objects may require. In some instances it is not practicable to lay off a base line of one hundred feet in either direction, and in such cases the line ad may be only fifty feet long, and the readings can be taken along the bisecting lines EF or GH. Also the figures along the bisecting lines may for convenience be doubled when using the one-hundred-foot base. Obviously yards may be substituted for feet with the same results, and all values can be doubled or quadrupled for distances greater than one hundred if the base line also is doubled.

Although the measuring board cannot be expected to be as accurate as fine surveying instruments, it will give results that are approximate enough to be useful.

## SPOTTING, TRIMMING AND MOUNTING PRINTS

### Part One

**A** GOOD photographic print can be much improved in appearance by neatly "spotting" out the small mechanical blemishes that are often present, by judicious trimming and by careful mounting. The three operations do not demand great skill but rather the exercise of care and good taste.

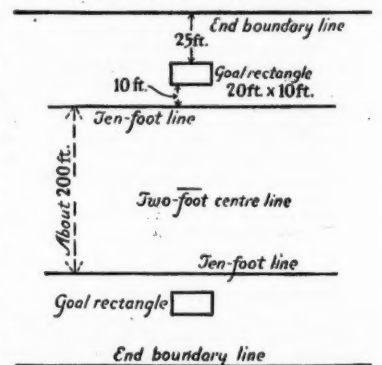
"Spotting" is the term used to designate the removal by retouching of small "pinholes" in the image, scratches in the film and other slight markings that mar the print. Lead pencil and water color are the mediums usually employed for the purpose. The pencils used should be of good quality and of several grades from hard to moderately soft, such as 2H and HB or B. A hard pencil, such as 2H, gives the best results on light portions of the image and the softer HB or B in the shadows. Pencils should be sharpened to a long fine point, such as can readily be made by rubbing the exposed lead upon fine emery-paper.

In filling in a spot the pencil can be used with a stippling motion or in a succession of short strokes. Ordinary water colors can be used for spotting—ivory black for work on black and white prints and a mixture of black and burnt sienna for brown-toned prints. Special spotting colors in sets of several tints can, however, be had at small cost from dealers in photographic supplies. Dilute the color with water and apply it with a small, pointed brush, preferably of red sable. The important thing in using water colors for spotting is not to apply so much color as to cause it to run. A good way is first to wet the brush, work up a little of the color with it in a saucer, then draw the brush over a piece of blotting paper to remove the excess of water and straighten the hairs before beginning to work. If the place to be filled in is too large to cover with a single spot of color, apply a succession of little dots until the area matches its surroundings.

The pencil is the most convenient medium to use in spotting prints that have a smooth mat or semimat surface, but it does not work well upon a high gloss paper. It is also likely to show a little sheen when applied to the darker parts of a print made on rough, dull-surface paper; consequently, it is advisable to choose water color as the medium for work upon either rough or glossy surface prints; but when used on the glossy prints the color should be mixed with a little thin mucilage instead of clear water, in order to make it dry with some gloss.

To tone down a glaring white-paper sky or to darken a background that appears too light rub a soft pencil, of grade B or softer, over emery-paper until you have enough powdered graphite for the purpose and then dip a bit of soft chamois or old kid glove in the powder and go lightly over the surface to be darkened until you get the tone that you want.

## CROSS-COUNTRY BALL



**C**ROSS-COUNTRY ball is somewhat similar to outdoor basketball, but it is of an informal nature and requires no special apparatus. All that is necessary is a field, a ball and the players. It is not even necessary that the field be level; a few bumps and obstructions in it make the game all the merrier. The game lends itself readily to the school yard, the city park, mountain waste or sea beach, and it is of such a nature that it can be played with zest in winter or summer.

The dimensions of the field can be varied to suit local conditions, but the number of players on a side and the open character of the play should be considered. At the military academy where the game originated the most satisfactory distance between goals proved to be about two hundred feet.

To lay off a field mark the boundary lines for the two ends, as indicated in the diagram. There are no side boundary lines, since the game is an open one, and it is to the interest of the players to keep the ball in the general field of play. At each end and opposite each other, twenty-five feet inside the boundary line, mark a rectangular goal ten feet wide and twenty feet long. Ten feet in front of each goal parallel to the end lines mark a line known as the ten-foot line. Half way between the goals mark the centre of the field by a two-foot line.

The ball may be a basketball, a round football or a volley ball. A volley ball is the best, since it can be thrown farther than a basketball, which makes for more open play.

The players choose sides, but almost any number from three to fifteen can play on a side—another virtue that commends the game to large groups.

The members of each team take positions somewhat similar to those in basketball, and the referee puts the ball into play at centre by throwing it up between two centre players, one from each team, who try to tap the ball as it descends.

Now that the ball is in play it is the object of each team to advance it down the field in order to score by bringing it to rest in a rectangular goal. Each team defends a goal by endeavoring to keep the opposing team from scoring in it and at the same time tries to work the ball toward the opposite goal so that it can score. If the ball is thrown into the rectangle and remains there, it is a goal. The easiest way to score, consequently, is to have a player near the goal or standing in it who shall catch the ball thrown by a team mate and touch it to the ground. The ball must come to rest on the ground before the referee sounds the whistle that announces a goal. After a score has been made the referee takes the ball to centre and throws it up, and play is resumed as it began.

The ball may be advanced as in basketball, either by passing or by dribbling, but with these exceptions: in dribbling a player may use both hands, or he may stop and dribble as often as he likes, or he may throw the ball and pick it up before it is touched by anyone else. The rules were designed to make the game as open as possible, but a player may not run or walk



with the ball or kick it. A player who makes such a foul faces the risk of having the ball carried to a corresponding distance from the opposing team's goal and there put into play by the referee as at centre.

When the ball is driven over the end boundary lines or is carried over by a player the referee puts the ball into play between two players of the opposing teams, as at centre, with the jumpers on the ten-foot line nearest that goal where the ball left the field.

If two players struggle for the ball and both have their hands on it, the referee stops the play and throws the ball up between them as at centre, unless the players contending for the ball are within the area marked off by one of the ten-foot lines. If they are, he brings the ball to the ten-foot line, and the contending players jump for it as at centre.

For unnecessary roughness, such as pushing, kicking, tripping or hitting a player, the referee may award a point to the team thus fouled and advance the ball in the direction of the goal of the opposing team, where he then puts the ball into play again by throwing it up between two players as at centre.

The playing time consists of two halves of ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, with a rest of five minutes between them. Each goal counts two points.

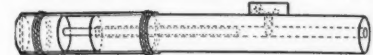
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Many readers of this page have formed the pleasant habit of writing to the Department Editor about things suggested by the articles printed here. The Department Editor is always glad to receive and to answer those letters, whether they be of inquiry, information, suggestion or criticism.

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#### A MAGAZINE PEA-SHOOTER

TO make this toy you will require a piece of elder about six inches long, a piece of hard wood, a small tin box, an elastic band and some twine. Remove the pith from the elder and polish the inside with sandpaper. Make a ramrod four inches long, with a handle that can be conveniently held. With a quarter-inch drill, bore a hole through the wall of the elder tube about two inches from one end of it. Punch a quarter-inch hole in the centre of the bottom of the tin box and fasten the box to the tube so



that the two quarter-inch holes coincide. With the twine fasten the elastic band to the upper and the lower surface of the elder and to the handle of the ramrod, as shown in the illustration. Your pea-shooter is now ready for use.

Fill the tin box with peas, draw back the ramrod till a pea falls in front of the rod. Release the rod and if your elastic band is tight enough the pea will be shot with considerable force. You can continue to shoot till the box is empty.

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#### THE UNCOMMON SUNFLOWERS

FEW persons are familiar with the chrysanthemum-flowered sunflower, the miniature and the new red sunflower. The blossoms of the chrysanthemum-flowered variety are six inches in diameter and resemble a double chrysanthemum. They have long stems and remain fresh long after they are cut.

The miniature sunflowers are bushy plants that are excellent for summer hedges. The blossoms, which are about three inches in diameter, are of various shades of yellow and have dark centres. Perhaps the best variety is stella, which is of a creamy yellow.

For years attempts were made in Europe to produce a red sunflower, but it was a Colorado experimenter that was finally successful. Because the type has not been absolutely fixed, a few flowers in every lot will be yellow, but they can easily be weeded out. The plants are from four to seven feet in height, and the chestnut red of the blossoms is very attractive.

The three varieties just mentioned, being annuals, blossom early from seeds sown in May. Thin the plants so that they stand about twelve inches apart.

Though the annual sunflowers are better known than the perennials, the perennials are much more graceful and elegant and make an effective hardy border. Some varieties are worth growing for their foliage alone. *Helianthus scaberrimus*, for example, has many slender stems that grow six feet in the first season and shoot up to eight or even ten feet in later years. The flowers, which are lemon-yellow in color, resemble cosmos blossoms and grow on spikes that are sometimes nearly four feet long. This variety, which blooms in September, is often called the yellow-leaved sunflower because of its long drooping foliage.

The variety *Helianthus mollis* has downy, silvery-white foliage and single, lemon-yellow flowers. The blossoms appear in August and last well into October, but the plant is ornamental all seasons.

The group of perennial sunflowers that bear the name of *regius* display a wealth of golden-

yellow bloom in September and October. Miss Mellish is perhaps the best variety of the class; its semidouble flowers, which have remarkably long petals, are very decorative.

The best known of the perennial sunflowers is multiflorus, which has double, asterlike blossoms on a bushy plant that resembles a dahlia. The blossoming season is July and August, and the flowers are excellent for cutting. It must be remembered that this, like all double sunflowers, will become single if grown in poor soil or allowed to remain several years without having the roots divided.

A sunflower that will last until frost is the maximiliana. The plant is of moderate height and has clear, single yellow blossoms.

Seeds of the perennial varieties can be bought and sown early in the spring, but it is better for the amateur to buy plants that are already started. The cost is small, and that method is especially advisable in the case of the double varieties. You can stock a large garden with a very few plants by dividing the roots

or making slips. Sunflowers will grow in any good garden soil, but they need plenty of direct sunlight.

In foreign lands and to some extent in America, sunflowers of the coarser annual sorts are grown commercially. In Russia the seeds are sold on the streets as peanuts are sold here and are eaten raw.

Many poultrymen grow sunflowers for the seeds, which they feed to their fowls. Most commercial mixed poultry foods contain the seeds, and large quantities of these foods are used.

In growing sunflowers for the seed, plant and cultivate them much as you would corn. On large areas all of the heads are usually cut at one time, but if you have only a small plot remove the heads as fast as they ripen and spread them on boards or an open floor. When the heads are thoroughly dry beat them on the back with flails until all the seeds have fallen out. Then sweep the seeds into piles and leave them for a few days before you put them into bags.

### PRESENTING THE DRAMATIC-CLUB PLAY



THE three principles of any dramatic production are those of sound, light and movement. Sound represents the spoken word and the music; light is the term used for the actual lighting, the scenic effects and the costuming; movement includes gesture, grouping and acting.

Those principles form the three problems of any play—amateur or professional. In different types of plays the importance of each element varies. For example, in a play that has a strong dramatic appeal, though the voice and movements of the actors are of great importance, the atmosphere must be strongly accentuated by the setting. A simple, dignified setting will form a suitable background for a tragedy; a gay, colorful setting will light up a comedy. Today many professional producers are using very simple means to obtain their artistic results.

The problem of the setting is not hard if you have the use of a hall that has a raised platform or a stage. If you must curtain off a large room in a private house, use the doorway between two rooms to form the division between the stage and the audience. In either case a curtain is absolutely necessary. The hall is probably provided with a drop curtain; the doorway of the dining room in a house may have portières or folding doors that you can use. If you must provide a curtain, choose a dark rich shade of cotton flannel or cotton duvetyne; both materials are soft and in an artificial light take on the appearance of velvet. An inexpensive curtain can be made of thicknesses of cheesecloth or of bur-lap in shades of dark tan, green or red. Attach the curtain to a wire or a wooden rod hung from the ceiling or attached to opposite walls of the room. Manipulate it by means of brass rings and a draw cord. Be sure that the material overlaps at the centre-front and is ample at the sides. The Department Editor will be glad to send more explicit directions for hanging a draw curtain to anyone who may desire them.

Curtains and simple lighting effects can be used to give the setting for the stage. An indoor set can be made by using a loosely hung back curtain of a medium-toned color and screens at the side. (A description of the way to hang the curtain and make and set the screens was given in the article on Presenting the Amateur Outdoor Play in the Girls' Page for April, 1924.) A dark back curtain, dimly lighted, gives a sinister, ominous atmosphere. For an outdoor scene have a green curtain that hangs in loose folds. Place a garden bench and pots of flowers and ferns in the foreground. Many of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies and the plays of Sheridan and Goldsmith, have been given successfully with a setting as simple as this.

#### LIGHTING

You are fortunate if the hall has footlights and a spotlight. A good arrangement for the colors of the footlights is: blue, white, amber, blue, white, amber. For a darkened stage, use only the blue lights. Red bulbs should seldom be used, and then only under trained direction. White lights alone must never be used. If there are no facilities for lighting by electricity,

candles with reflectors or candles set in tin cans open on one side, can be used. They should be covered with a wire netting, so as to prevent the danger from fire; potted ferns and branches can be banded round them, to hide them from the audience. Another way to obtain a darkened stage is to shut off the footlights and throw on the spotlight with a slide of straw color or amber over it. Amber indeed is the most satisfactory color for most occasions. Those in your dramatic club who are interested in lighting can experiment until they find the most satisfactory way.

In a house, where there are no footlights, indirect lighting is desirable. The important thing is to avoid having shadows cast on the stage. A spotlight turned on the centre-front of the stage from a height of eight feet on either side is good; still better is a floodlight. A spotlight can be converted into a floodlight and placed in the wings; it is less harsh, since the spotlight is best used only for momentary effects and to give emphasis. Even a floodlight should never be pure white, because that shows up every line and fault. Frosted white is better, if brightness is essential, and amber is preferable to either.

#### SCENERY

If you have a modern play in mind for your club and are anxious to have real scenery, the following directions will help you in making the set. You will need unbleached muslin, scantlings for the wing frames, cold-water calcimine, wall board, glue and brushes. The back drop of a scene is suspended from a wooden batten hung several feet higher than the proscenium arch, which is the stage opening. In that way the part of the audience that is near the front will not see where the sky ends and the ceiling begins. Measure the muslin required for a back drop and sew it horizontally. For a draw curtain sew the material perpendicularly; but in the drop the horizontal seams, when painted, are less conspicuous than they would be if they were sewn in the usual way.

First sketch a model scene on a small scale. Mark it off into squares; the usual scale is one half-inch to two feet. Next lightly mark off with charcoal the real curtain into two-foot squares. Using the model as a guide, count the number of squares that the sky or roof or fireplace covers and then sketch it in to scale on the larger piece of work. When you are ready to paint begin at the top and, drawing the brush from left to right, work downward. For a large extent of sky or for a flat even surface of any kind mix enough color so that you can work rapidly and attain a smooth finish. Remember that calcimine colors dry about six shades lighter and, if you wish dark effects, lay the paint on very dark and thick.

A finished set requires two wings, one on each side, and a back drop. It is from behind the wings that the actors make their entrances and exits. To make them stretch muslin on a wooden frame of a size to fit the stage. An ordinary side wing for a small stage is twelve feet by three feet. Paint it as you painted the back drop, in harmonious colors. For an out-

door scene you should paint trees, flowers and rocks. An indoor scene should be painted to match the wall paper of the drop curtain. You can hang pictures or a mirror on the screens when they are set in place. To make scenery that shows tree trunks, rocks, fences and the like stretch unbleached muslin over wall board or heavy cardboard, glue it down and when it is dry cut it out with a sharp knife or a saw and paint it. Cover the wings with chicken wire as a foundation for greenery and vines.

Always plan a definite and harmonious color scheme and be sure that the properties correspond to the taste and social position of the characters in the play.

#### COSTUMING

The proper costuming of the actors is a matter of the greatest importance. In a costume or period play the problem of color should be carefully considered. Against an even-toned curtain well-planned costumes will produce lovely effects; the bright figures moving before the quiet background give such a note of variety that the audience will not realize the simplicity of the setting. The secret of having reds and blues and yellows and greens on the stage at once and in harmony is to apply deftly the scraps of one material to the garment of another. For example, pipe the sleeves and neck of a blue costume with the green of its neighbor, and line the cuffs of the cloth shoes with a hint of still another costume. The lining of one man's hat can be the same color as the trousers of a figure at the opposite end of the stage.

The first step is to find an illustrated book on costuming that treats of the subject by periods. You can costume many actors from a single illustration by using different colors and making small changes in the collars and frills. Take the measurements of the members of the cast, and as a starting point for the cutting use the kimono pattern. You will be astonished to see how suitable it is in all soft materials. Cotton flannel, which comes in many shades, is always satisfactory; sateen is unsurpassed when elegance is called for. Remember—and this is true of all that pertains to the stage—that it is the effect that counts. Fine handwork and fussiness is unnecessary. Let strength and simplicity and good line be the characteristics of the finished costumes.

In a play of the modern period, whether you borrow or make the garments, remember that simplicity, becoming colors and appropriate dress are the necessary things. Defects in costuming show up pitifully before the stage lights.

The art of make-up is a branch of costuming and by no means a minor one. You can rent wigs and beards at moderate rates, but it is not hard to make amusing and presentable wigs from wool yarn. First make a cap of muslin to fit the head; then with a wool needle, sew or loop the wool round and round the cap according to the style of coiffure that you wish. To make a part in the hair sew the wool from back to front on both sides of the line that forms the part. Beards and moustaches can also be made with yarn on a muslin foundation. When the wig or beard is done comb the wool out to give a soft smooth effect. To give a wig a thin, straggling appearance, use less wool and brush it out well, so that it forms a covering that only partly hides the scalp or chin. Beards can be fastened on with gum arabic; to remove them, rub round the edges of the hair with alcohol.

Other articles needed for a make-up kit are: grease paint, to be rubbed into the skin and then wiped off, as a foundation for the make-up; rouge; a black pencil to simulate wrinkles on the forehead and face; and a thick soft blue pencil to make shadows. A blue shadow on the lower cheek will make a round face appear long and thin. The height of the cheek bones and the forehead can be emphasized by the same means. The eyes should be made to look darker by using the black pencil. You will need a lip stick and a great deal of powder. The grease paint is the starting point for a make-up, and the powder the finish; the powder tones down the rouge and other colors and blends them. A cake of cocoa butter should be ready, which when rubbed over the face will help to remove the make-up.

One of the best things about a dramatic club is that it keeps many people of different talents busy, and that there is no one who needs to feel useless in the hive that swarms behind the curtain and the footlights.

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#### MONEY FROM MENDING

A SCHOOL girl who needed some extra money decided that she could make it by using the training that she had had in sewing. Her grandmother had shown her how to do fine mending; she could darn so that the stitches were almost invisible, "could set a patch by a thread" and do other work.

She equipped herself with a large sewing bag furnished with all the mending requisites; then she called on those of her neighbors who had young children and asked whether she could help to do the family mending. The offer was gladly accepted by many of the mothers.

On the first day she gave her services; after that she arranged to charge twenty-five cents an hour for the work that she did. Thus, by working four hours every afternoon, going from house to house, she earned a dollar a day. If some mother needed her help urgently, she gave an hour or two in the morning or the evening besides the afternoon work.







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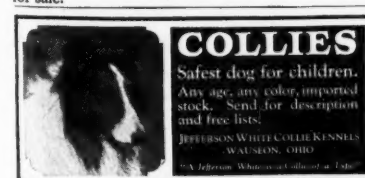
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## PETS for the FAMILY

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.



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Put the chicken feed into tin boxes or iron barrels and keep the covers down. Feed the chickens, not the rats. In other words, feed the chickens no more than they will clean up. Nothing encourages rats more than grain scattered over the chicken-house floor and left over night. Dispose of kitchen garbage by feeding it to stock or to chickens or by burning it. A garbage pile behind the house or barn will feed many rats. Granary and corn crib should be rat-proof. Do not store grain in the straw any longer than necessary. Protect the horse grain boxes so that rats cannot rob your animals. Bold rats have been known to drive a horse away from his grain.

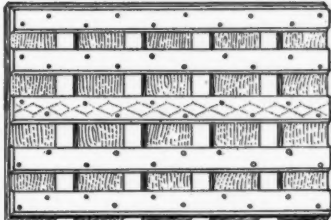
Trapping rats is no easy matter, especially when they are well fed. Poison is always dangerous. The rats have an uncanny way of carrying the poison-soaked bread round and leaving it where the dog or the cat can get it. Poison-soaked grain is best, if you must use poison, and it should be put under the floors and in the partitions, where nothing else except rats and mice can get to it.

A steel spring "snap down" deadfall rat trap is very efficient. Bait it with a piece of meat. As every keeper of chickens can testify, rats are meat eaters when they can get meat. If the deadfall fails, try a common steel trap buried just out of sight in a pan of corn meal or ground feed. Be sure the trap is well oiled and springs easily.

### A TIRE DOORMAT

CUT the old casing lengthwise into five strips by first nailing it out flat on a board, and with a straight edge as a guide, drawing a sharp knife along the straight edge repeatedly until you have cut through the fabric. Then wet the knife and cut the rubber. One tire will make two mats eighteen by thirty inches, for full-length strips from a tire thirty inches in diameter are more than seven feet long.

Get out five pieces of board in four-inch strips eighteen inches long and space them about two inches apart. Then, beginning at the two sides and working toward the middle, nail the strips of tire to the slats. Use the beaded or "clincher rim" strips for the edges, the sidewall strips next, and the heaviest central or tread portion for the middle. Nail on the strips with large-headed nails, such as are used in laying roofing paper; two inch nails, driven



through the tin disks used for laying tarred paper roofing can also be used if they are clinched on the under side of the boards. Use two nails to each board. When all the strips of tire have been securely nailed to the boards trim off the edges flush with the edges of the boards.

Door mats made in this way will last indefinitely. Neither oil nor grease will injure them, and as they absorb no moisture they do not suffer injury from rain as ordinary hemp door mats do. Mud can be easily scraped from the shoes on the edges of the rubber strips. To clean the mat, all you need do is to roll it up, knock it against a wall, and sweep away the dirt from the place where the mat lay. Another advantage of the rubber strip mat is that it never becomes ice-coated or slippery in wet or cold weather.

### GOLDFISH

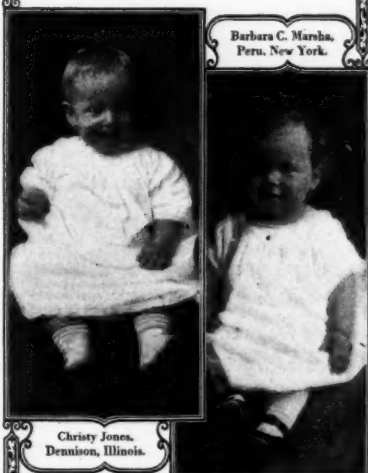
CHANGE the water in a small goldfish jar every day in warm weather and every other day in winter. Take care that fresh water is of the same temperature as the old, for fish are sensitive to thermal changes. What is still more important, never handle the fish, for handling them removes a thin coating that is essential to the life of the fish. Use a net to lift them from one place to another. Even a small fish must have at least a quart of water, and more is better. Soapy water left in the bowl is death to the fish.

Be sure not to feed too liberally and never give more than one kind of food at a time. In a real aquarium with growing plants the goldfish need be fed very little; but if they are kept in an ordinary jar, feeding is necessary. Tiny crumbs of bread, bits of the yolk of an egg, something green, are good to feed and there are also excellent prepared foods on the market. Always keep a sprig of something green in the water; also keep pebbles in the bottom of the jar. Pieces of coral or shells among the pebbles make the bowl more attractive.

A reader of The Companion who has a rectangular aquarium improved it in a novel and interesting way. First he got a glass bowl as large as would fit easily into the aquarium and with it eight feet of heavy brass wire and three

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

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Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

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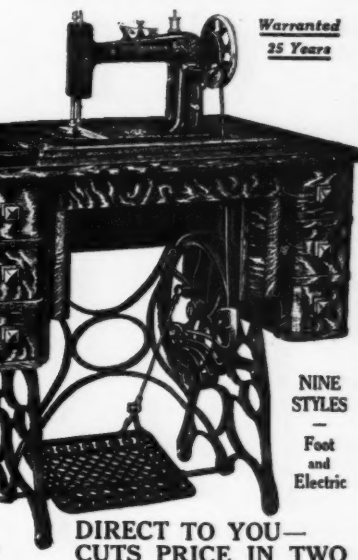
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(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

feet of one-fourth-inch rubber hose. He cut the wire into lengths and bent it in such a way that an inch rested against the glass on the outside of the aquarium; then he turned the wire over the glass, down into the water to a depth of two inches below the surface, across to the opposite side and over it, as on the first side. Two such wires placed four inches apart, on each side, made a platform on which he placed the inverted bowl. He filled the bowl, then inverted it under water and placed it in position resting on the wires. With the rubber tube he extracted all the air bubbles that accumulated in the top of the bowl. The fish soon found their additional swimming space and made a pretty picture as they gracefully rose from their basement apartment into their roof-garden addition.

## See the Radio Section Next Week

### GROUND EXERCISES

IN nine cases out of ten the weakest part of the human chain is the middle body—the part between the breastbone and the hips. The waist muscles, somehow, get forgotten, even by many teachers of physical exercises. That is not as it should be, since the abdominal muscles are important not only for their evident function of assisting to support the upper part of the body but on account of the effect they have on the well-being of the organs lying beneath them.

There is as much sense as wit in the ancient pun that whether life is worth living or not depends upon the liver, which is an organ not to be trifled with. If you don't know that you have such a thing, then all is well. You are to be congratulated.

Exercise is the one means of keeping the liver in good temper and up to its work. When you're too lazy to take exercise the liver too gets lazy. It shirks its work, with the result that you have headaches, biliousness, indigestion, jaundice and other disagreeable ailments. Of course you are to blame in the first place for not taking care that your liver does its job.

Most vigorous sports keep the liver working properly—horseback riding, rowing and wrestling in particular; but there is a direct method ready to the hand of everyone—simple exercises that you can do just as well in your bedroom as at the gymnasium.

Squeeze the liver and it works. Spend five minutes twice a day, when you get up and shortly before going to bed, in squeezing your liver and it will give you no trouble. All body bending movements, sideways, backward and forwards so as to touch the toes, work on the liver by squeezing it. So does turning the body right and left at the waist. Bending and twisting while standing are very suitable for the early morning exercise; for the evening, if only for the sake of variety, ground exercises have their place.

Some of the ground exercises—such as lying flat on the back and rising to a sitting position without lifting the heels from the floor, and from the same position raising the legs until the toes will touch, or nearly touch, the ground back of your head—are well known. They are good, and here are some others to go with them.

**EXERCISE ONE.** Sit on the floor with your legs fairly wide apart and your hands locked behind your back. Now lean forward as if you meant to bump the ground between your knees with your forehead. Hold the position a second, then lean backward as far as you can. Go back and forth ten times.

**EXERCISE TWO.** Take the same position as in No. 1; but lean sideways as well as forward, so that the head goes beyond the thigh, and see to it that you do not lift your calf from the floor. Make five movements toward each side.

**EXERCISE THREE.** Unclass your hands, lean slightly back, turn your body to the left and place both hands on the floor while still keeping firmly seated. The right hand will be opposite the left hip, the other some ten inches to the left of it. Bend the body as much as you can. Keep the position for two seconds, then straighten up and bend over in the same way to the right. From five to ten movements to each side will give the liver a real squeezing.

**EXERCISE FOUR.** Lie straight out on your right side with your head supported on your doubled right arm. Now carry your left leg back as far as it will go and thence forward and upward toward the head as far as it will go. Keep the knee from bending. Make five such swings without allowing the leg to touch the floor, then take a deep breath or so, turn over and exercise the right leg in the same way.

**EXERCISE FIVE.** Lie on your back again with your hands behind your head. Raise the feet, bend the knees and bring them up well over and close to your abdomen. Hold them there a moment, then straighten the legs vigorously but without letting your heels touch the floor. Repeat the exercise from five to ten times.

You will not have taken many minutes, but you will have done enough to keep the liver up to its daily work. Moreover, you will have exercised the waist muscles and given such massage and stimulus to the intestines as to guarantee you against that most troublesome of complaints, constipation. Such exercise should be a regular, daily practice.



# For those rosy cheeks try hot breakfasts

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